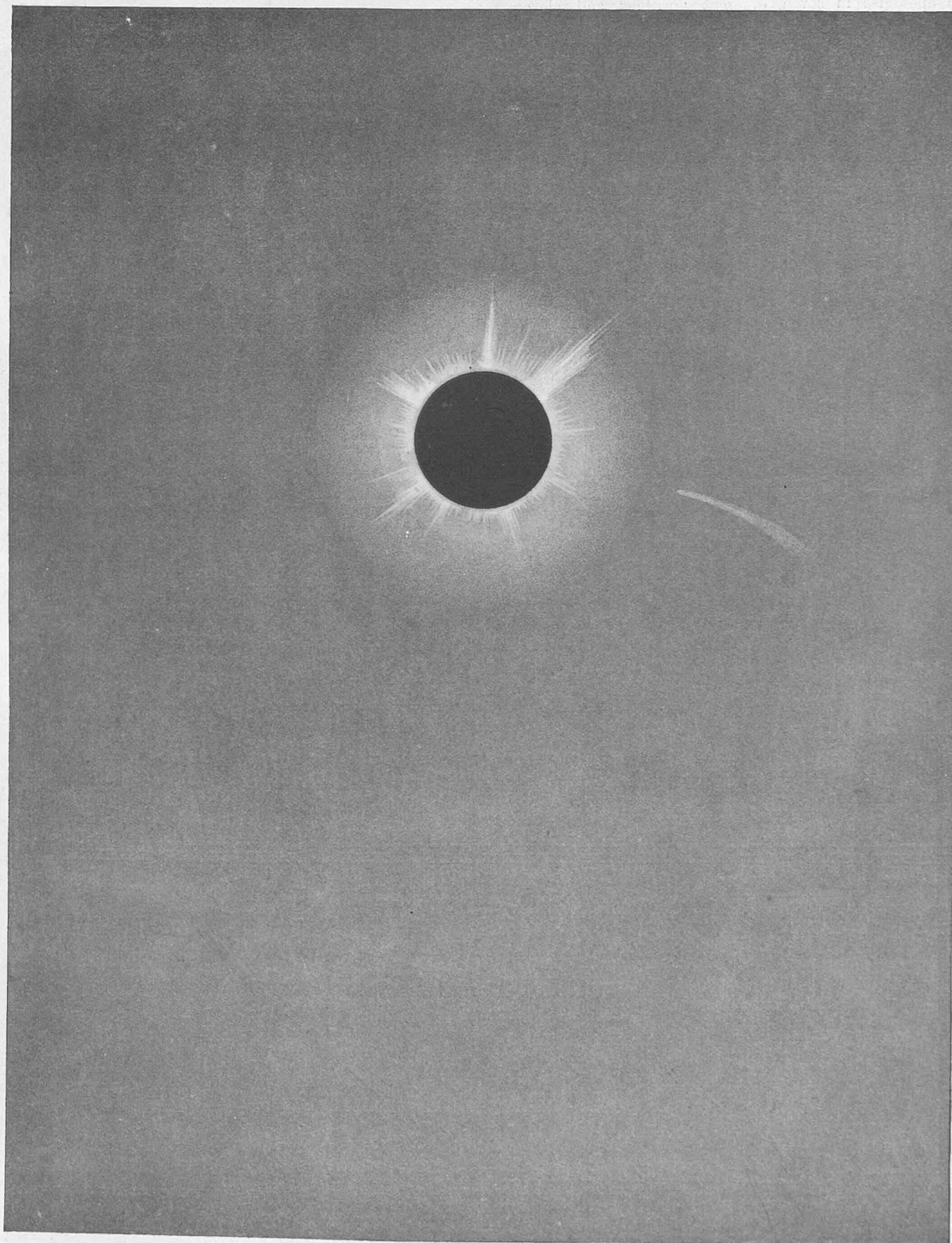




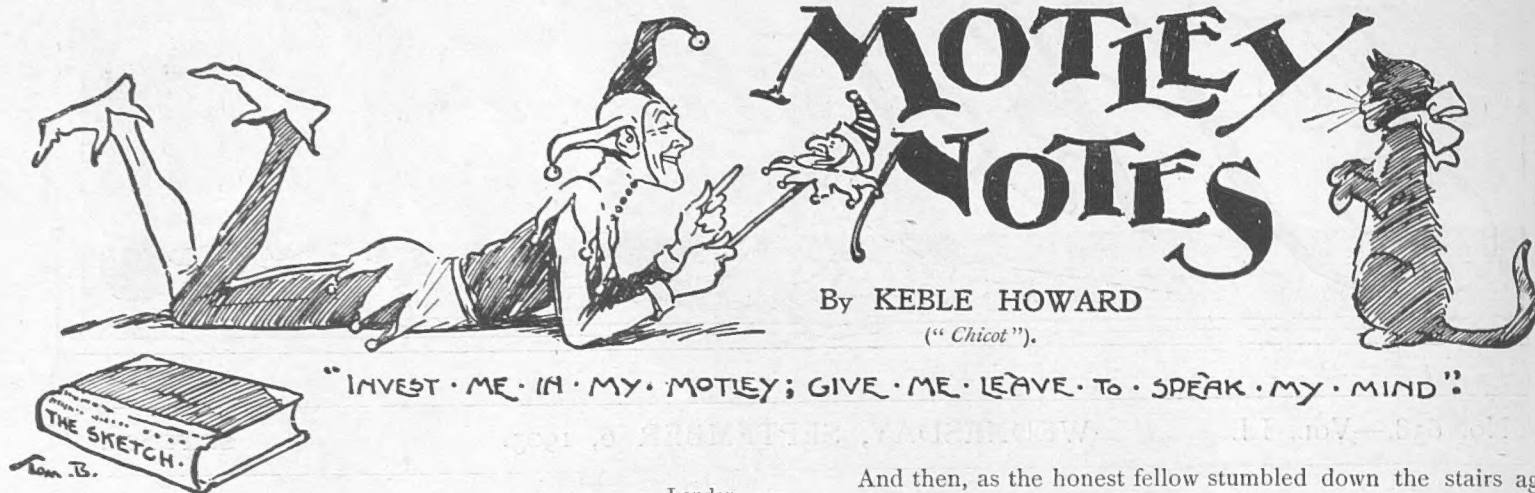
No. 658.—VOL. LI.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1905.

SIXPENCE.



WHAT LONDON DID NOT SEE LAST WEEK: A TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.



London.

I WISH to apologise in seven different positions and eleven different tones of voice for the wholly unfair, malicious, vindictive, ungrateful remarks that I made in my notes last week about London. I take them all back, and beg of you, friend the reader, to forget them. London is delightful. London is home. What if the carters and cabmen *do* raise their voices a trifle higher than is absolutely necessary for purposes of business? They are just an integral part of this rough, homely, friendly city. Again, who am I that I should object to the hootings of railway-engines and motor-cars? Or the clanging of hammers on iron girders? London would not be London without plenty of jolly noise: life would become one perpetual Sunday. A shuddersome thought. But the line in my diatribe that shames me most is that wherein I picture myself awaking to breathe the "shoddy, stale atmosphere of a side-street off the Strand." Nothing, of course, could be further from the truth. The air that I breathe does not come to me from the Strand, for my windows look out upon the Embankment Gardens, the river, and a distant expanse of streets and avenues stretching away to the Crystal Palace. Finally, so far from being stale or shoddy, the air is crisp and invigorating with a delicious touch of early autumn. I trust that I have now atoned, in a measure, for my cruel libel on the most lovable town in the world.

The hot months of summer, of course, always breed pessimism, and the feeling, naturally enough, is reflected in that clear, faithful mirror known as the Daily Press. Some people imagine, I am told, that such discussions as "Are House-Dogs Sceptical?" and "Are Babies Dishonest?" and "Do Society Beauties Eat Treacle?" are carefully thought out and started in newspaper-offices. That is wrong. English people write pessimistic letters to the papers in the months of July and August just as naturally as they buy pictures of frosted churches at Christmas and sell their old clothes in April. They don't mean any harm by it. Not for one moment do they really believe that house-dogs are sceptical, or that babies are dishonest, or that Society beauties do eat treacle. It is nothing more than a healthy attack of midsummer madness that sends them groping in the corners of their brains for some fearful grievance against the state of modern society. With the first breath of autumn they laugh, give themselves a shake, and wonder why they ever bothered to declare that home-life was decaying, that wives were thriftless, that clergymen should not be allowed to criticise the Bible, or that Mr. Smyth-Pigott ought to be torn limb from limb in Hyde Park.

Talking of Christmas, do you realise that next month will bring us the first of the Christmas Numbers? Even now there is a feeling of Christmas in the air, mainly owing to the fact that we are such splendid fellows for business. When I paid a visit to my barber yesterday, I caught him running a speculative eye over me for all the world as though I had been a turkey that required fattening. Before I left his chair, he had put me on a change of diet that will grow more and more inflating as the weeks roll by. You know the sort of thing—one ounce of flattery to four ounces of eager solicitude. This very morning, again, a postman took the trouble to come all the way up three flights of stairs to deliver a letter that had been forwarded to me from an old address without being stamped.

"Beg pardon, sir," he panted, "but I thought p'raps you might not think as it was worth the tuppence."

"Why? Is it the income-tax?"

"Yes, sir. I remembered as I'd bin delivering 'em pretty reg'lar for the last six months, and so I took the liberty——"

"That's all right. You can keep the letter. Many thanks."

And then, as the honest fellow stumbled down the stairs again, I wondered why I should have been asked to pay twopence on a Government missive.

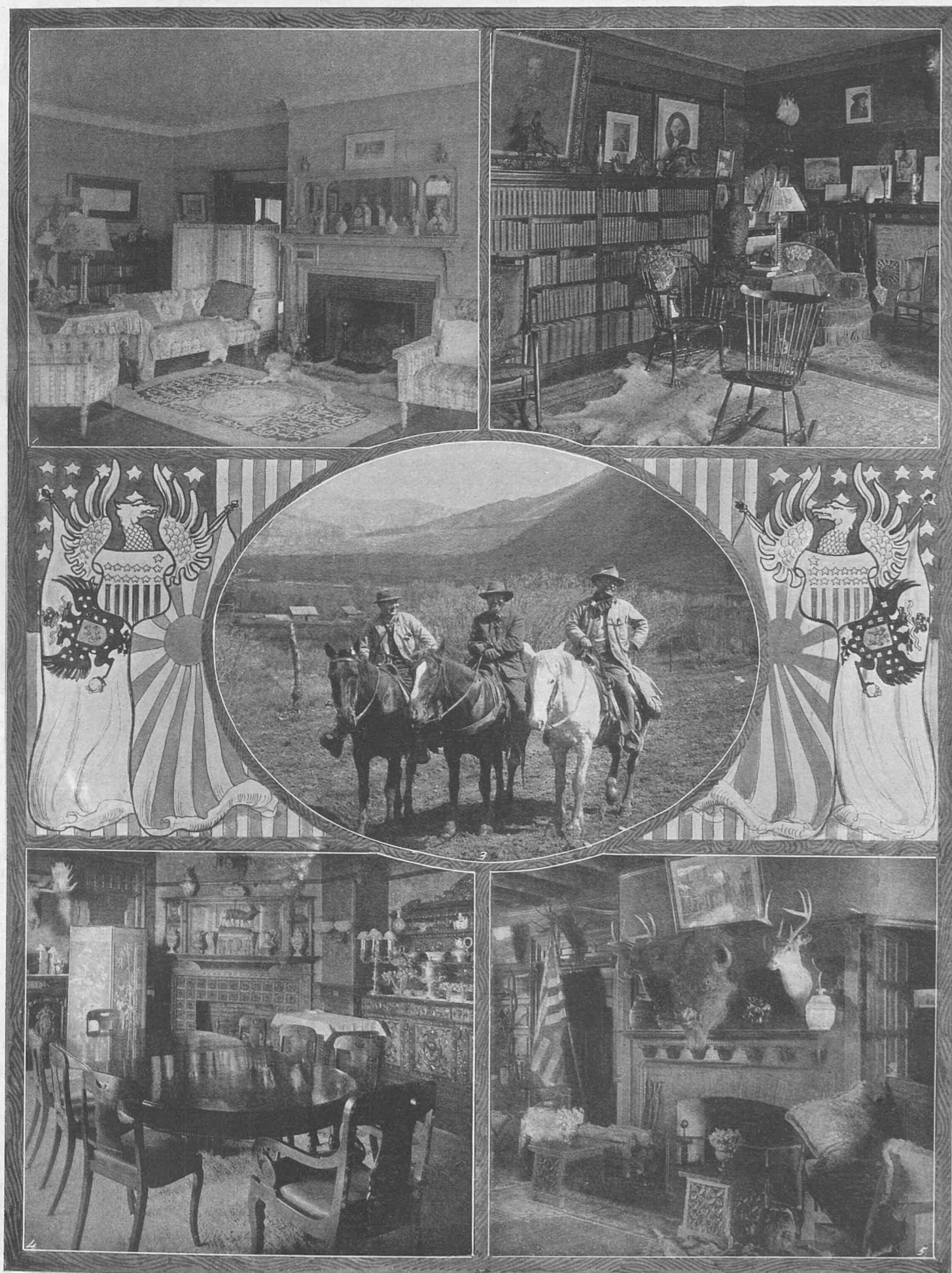
It is all very well to shower congratulations on President Roosevelt, M. Witte, and Baron Komura, but why should we ignore the triumphs that have been achieved here in our midst? It is a singular thing, but nobody has commented on the fact that the proclamation of peace was confidently predicted days and days before it really took place by every daily journal in London and the provinces. At any rate, every paper that I saw on the day following the joyous event modestly reminded me that they had said so all along. Even the most pessimistic journal of all consoled itself with the reflection that "It is always the unexpected that happens." In other words, they knew perfectly well that peace would be proclaimed, because they didn't expect it. You see what I mean, don't you? If they had predicted it, it wouldn't have happened. But, since they did not predict it, peace was proclaimed. They might even have gone a little further and declared that the happy issue of the Conference was due, in a great measure, to the fact that they did not anticipate any such result. Anyhow, the main thing is that somebody on the Stock Exchange has been seen to smile. Almost a boom.

Another new paper. This time it is called *Ye King's Kronikle*, and is published at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith. The cover of *Ye King's Kronikle* is a fiery red—not an inappropriate colour seeing that the little journal is edited by the owner and manager of the King's Theatre, the militant Mr. Mulholland. The motto of Mr. Mulholland's paper runs thus: "Our true intent is all for your delight." I mention this in order to ease the minds of the London County Council, who have several times met Mr. Mulholland in the arena and invariably, I believe, been discomfited. True to his motto, however, the manager of the King's Theatre deals very gently with the London County Council in the first number of *Ye King's Kronikle*. He merely chaffs them, in a suave, elder-brotherly way, for ordering him to remove his Turkey carpets from the Grand Crush Room or nail them to the floor. "As the floor consists of inlaid mosaic," writes the exuberant editor, "the fastening process would have to be of a permanent nature, and, therefore, hardly consistent with cleanliness." Mr. Mulholland, still bearing in mind that his journal is all for the delight of the County Council, then proceeds to inform his lady patrons that "one of the Council's regulations provides that curtains shall not come into contact with the floor in such a manner as to exclude draughts." I know, of course, what will be the end of this new and delight-giving toy. The County Council will draw up a by-law to the effect that any theatrical manager daring to found, write, edit, and publish a newspaper shall be mangled to a jelly among the machinery that works the revolving stage at the Coliseum.

I am so pleased to learn from the *World* that "Englishwomen may confidently conclude that in them is combined the largest proportion of good looks, grace, and fascination to be found in any daughter of Eve all the world over." One had been growing a little tired of reading that Englishwomen were dowdy, and ugly, and awkward, and stupid, and all the rest of it. For myself, I have no hesitation in saying that I am perfectly satisfied with them. They have their faults, of course, which change with the fashions. At present, for example, there is an uncomfortable tendency among Englishwomen who attend the play to leave their backs uncovered. The effect, as one sits behind them in the stalls, is very glaring. The test of good taste in dress, I think, is to avoid hurting the eye of the beholder. A bare and (sometimes) bony back staring at one over the top of a stall does hurt the eye. Otherwise, as I say, I am able to agree with the enthusiastic verdict of the *World*.

THE PEACEMAKER AND HIS HOME:

MR. THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND HIS SUMMER RESIDENCE, SAGAMORE HILL, OYSTER BAY.



1. THE RECEPTION-ROOM.

2. THE LIBRARY.

3. PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT RETURNING FROM A HUNTING EXPEDITION.

4. THE DINING-ROOM.

5. THE HALL.

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THE CLUBMAN.

*The Peace—All Honour to the Mikado—Celebrate the Day of Signature—
The Anglo-Japanese Alliance.*

SO it is Peace at last, and it came suddenly and unexpectedly, just when such of the Clubmen who still foregather in the semi-deserted Clubs were discussing how many tens if not hundreds of thousands of men each side would lose in the inevitable battle before Harbin. Mr. Roosevelt is the special hero of the occasion,



JOCKEYS VERSUS ACTORS AT LORD'S: MR. GEORGE EDWARDES, WHOSE XII. PLAYED MR. MORNINGTON CANNON'S XII. ON MONDAY LAST.

Mr. George Edwardes' team included Messrs. George Edwardes (Captain), Robert Evett, George Graves, Louis Bradfield, J. Blakeley, Rutland Barrington, Lionel Mackinder, V. O'Connor, Pat Malone, W. H. Dawes, Ford Hamilton, and F. Blackman.

Photograph by M. Asquith.

Japan which marked the early stage of the war died away more because audiences felt them to be in bad taste than because the Lord Chamberlain gave a hint to the managers that he hoped such songs would cease. There was some very natural soreness against Russia after the Hull Fishing-fleet incident, but as soon as the people believed that the Government was doing all that was necessary for the honour of Great Britain they followed the official lead and did nothing to push the countries into war. There have been no anti-Russian demonstrations, no unseemly glorying over the defeats of a great nation.

The fact that the Czar is our King's nephew and that it is known that the war has been a source of pain and anxiety to our monarch

and most of the crowned heads of Europe have telegraphed their congratulations to him; but he is really very much in the position of the organiser of a successful charity bazaar: he has persuaded someone else to give up something for the benefit of humanity, and the credit of the Mikado's act of charity—for such it is—seems to be very generally ascribed more to the man who suggested it than to the man who performed it.

As a nation, I think we have behaved very well during the war. The Russians are, in a manner, our historic enemies, if, indeed, we still permit ourselves the luxury of having historic enemies, and the Japanese are our allies; but the little outburst of Jingo songs in favour of

has had much to do with this. The nation owes so much to our best Ambassador that it was but a small thing that jubilation over the defeats of his relative's forces on sea and land should have, out of consideration to him, been kept within becoming limits. Added to this, there are a large number of Englishmen of all classes who have been most hospitably treated at one time or another by Russians in their own country, and, though the two countries have their points of friction, the individual Russian and the individual Briton, when they meet, always foregather and always find that they have many tastes in common.

All England, and, indeed, all the world, has felt a sympathy for the brave Russian peasant under arms, fighting because it was his "Little Father's" wish, always beaten by causes beyond his comprehension, ordered invariably to retreat, and always turning his face again to his enemy as full of fight as though a score of victories and not defeats had marked the campaign. I hear often enough in the military Clubs remarks that the Russian Army would not have advanced far towards the Indian frontier had the war been in Persia or Afghanistan instead of in Manchuria, but it is a great mistake to hold the army of the Czar lightly, for, officered by men who had studied the art of war thoroughly, and were not brave only, it would be the most terrible war-machine that any European nation could put in the field.

I do not know whether the Japanese have any proverb which corresponds to our "Half a loaf is better than no bread." If they have, it will be plentifully used in Japan. No doubt, many of the Japanese, the politicians and writers of Tokio in particular, had looked on the whole loaf as being already in the cupboard, and, in the disappointment at finding a big cut taken out of it, they will not at first recognise



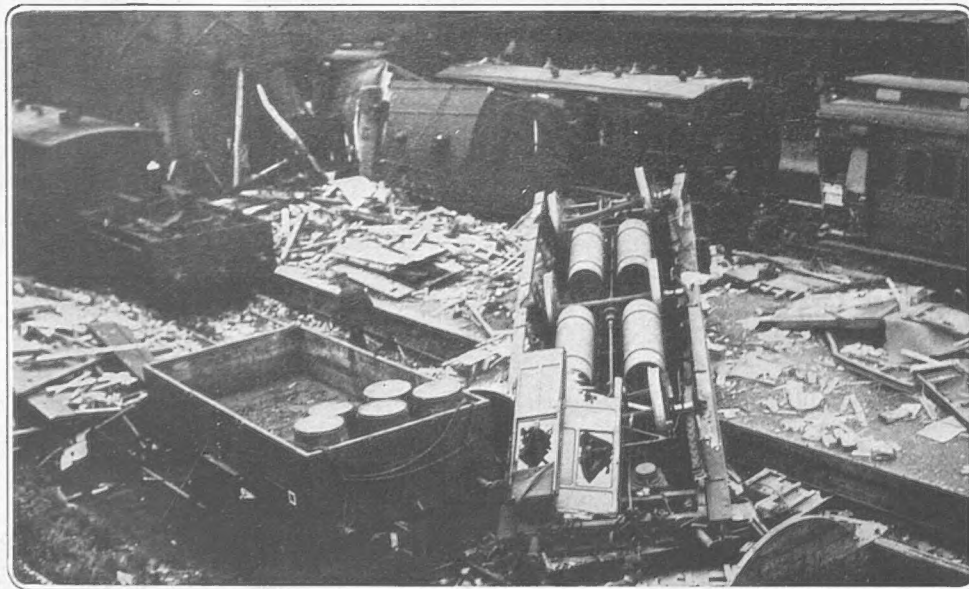
JOCKEYS VERSUS ACTORS AT LORD'S: MR. MORNINGTON CANNON, WHOSE XII. PLAYED MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' XII. ON MONDAY LAST.

Mr. Mornington Cannon's team included Messrs. Mornington Cannon (Captain), D. Maher, J. H. Martin, H. Jones, G. Williamson, K. Cannon, T. Cannon junior, W. Dollery, E. Matthews, P. Chaloner, C. Chandler, and F. Hardy.

that what is left is a very large half indeed; but there are hundreds of thousands of humble homes where the home-coming of a soldier will bring a joy beyond all words to a family, and the knowledge of this will be the reward which will come to the Mikado for his act of renunciation.

Now that the war is over, there cannot be any reasons why our pro-Japanese feelings should be repressed, and it would be an act of compliment to our allies and a tribute to the Mikado's magnanimity if on the day that the Treaty of Peace is signed we hung out our flags of rejoicing and set the Red Sun of Japan in companionship with the Union Jack. It will be a day which deserves to be regarded as one of rejoicing by all lovers of peace.

The moderation the Japanese have shown is a guarantee that the new Anglo-Japanese treaty which Lord Lansdowne has signed will not lead this country into any warlike adventures, but will be a guarantee of peace in the Far East. When the question of the treaty was a subject of small talk, many months ago, I expressed to a diplomatist my hope that England and Japan would conclude an offensive and defensive alliance. He smiled, and asked me what I would think of such an alliance should Japan become embroiled with France in Indo-China, and call on us, as her ally, to land a couple of Army Corps in France, so as to create a diversion. My answer was that I should think it a very awkward turn for affairs to take. It is well for the world that cool heads do much thinking before treaties are signed.



THE CROMER EXPRESS SMASH: WRECKED COACHES FLUNG ACROSS WITHAM PLATFORM.

On September 1, as the 9.27 train from Liverpool Street to Cromer was running through Witham Station at a speed of about fifty miles an hour, the coaches, from some unknown cause, left the rails. The fifth coach mounted the platform and whirled across it, wrecking the ticket-collector's box and the porters' room. The sixth coach also mounted the platform and turned right over, wheels uppermost, whereupon the whole framework collapsed, killing ten of the occupants. Forty-four persons were injured. The third coach took fire owing to the bursting of the gas-cylinders between the wheels. These cylinders can here be seen on one of the overturned coaches.

Photograph by Park.



MISS NELLIE BOWMAN AS OLIVER TWIST.

Photographs by F. W. Burford. (For other Photographs see pages 288-291.)

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. MR. TREE.
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BY THE FOOT.

A scientific individual in Berlin, who has more time than he knows
what to do with, has invented a new way of reading people's characters.
This time it is not the hand, but the foot, which reveals the secret.
The scientist divides mankind into four categories: first, those who
walk with quick, short steps, which denote pessimism in a man and
frivolity in a woman; secondly, those who walk with slow, short
steps, who are simple-minded people of a placid, dreamy disposition;
thirdly, those who walk slowly but with long steps. These are men
of great intellect, the profound thinkers and master-minds of this
world. The fourth and last category contains those who walk with
long, quick steps, who are warlike and "pushful" men and always
ready to fight. In this way it is possible to see at a glance what is the
real character of anyone we may happen to meet in the street, for
every man is betrayed by his walk. It is satisfactory to be able to add
that the Professor, with true modesty, does no more than hint that he
himself belongs to the third category.

It was announced at the eleventh hour that the Mermaid Society
would produce "The Late Mr. Castello" on Monday evening last,
instead of "The Scornful Lady," as announced elsewhere in *The
Sketch*. "The Scornful Lady" will be produced at a later date.

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The scene is laid in the south of India, in one of the old deserted forts. In the story, which is
romantic and breaks fresh ground, the Indian gipsies play a prominent and striking part. Other
characters in the tale are two old soldiers who have taken their pensions and have elected to
remain in the country, the daughter of an Anglo-Indian official, a police officer who is anxious to
discover how French brandy is smuggled into camp, and a young barrister in search of a missing
heiress.

THE FREEMASONS. By L. S. GIBSON. Crown
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"The Freemasons" is a daringly original study of a new situation in fiction. It is a study of
love and jealousy, and of a man who, loving his neighbour's wife, and thinking himself weaker
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Freemason will give a clue to members of the craft.

SO LIKE A WOMAN. By GEORGE MANVILLE
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"So Like a Woman" is a thrilling story of modern life, the opening scene being laid in the
penal settlement of Portland, where John Clifford is suffering for a brother's crime. The interest
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moorlands.

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[Sept. 7.]

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MASTER JOHN MAUDE, SON OF MR. AND MRS. CYRIL MAUDE.

Photograph by Stéphanie Maud.

SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE absence of the King from the Braemar Gathering will be deeply regretted this week on Deeside. But the fact that the Queen intends to be present at this most important Highland function is a great compensation to the loyal folk who gather in their thousands to acclaim those Royal personages who grace this gathering of the clans. The scene is one of the most picturesque survivals in our prosaic modern world of a day that has gone for ever. It takes place not far from Abergeldie, the

the Emperor and Empress have made it known that they wish to receive no gifts from private persons, however great their rank or position at Court; they will, however, view with pleasure the foundation of "Silver Wedding" charitable institutions, and, of course, their Majesties will receive wonderful gifts from their German, British, Russian, and Greek relations. The Silver Wedding of our own Sovereign and Queen Alexandra took place in 1888, and was shadowed by the death of William I., but the great affection and esteem in which were held the then Prince and Princess of Wales was shown in many touching ways, and the whole nation participated in offering the Heir-Apparent and his beautiful Consort the best of good wishes. Shortly after, the King and Queen of Greece celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage, and the gifts received by them, many of the more costly coming from the Russian Court, were valued at a million pounds.

A Future Peeress and the Drama.

Of considerable concern to all those interested in the noblest traditions of the British drama is the fact that last week's bride, Miss Margaret Evans-Gordon, now the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Stanley, is the great-granddaughter of John Kemble, and consequently a great-niece of Mrs. Siddons. Lord Stanley of Alderley's young daughter-in-law has inherited the beauty and brilliant intellectual gifts of Mrs. Kemble, the delightful woman who played so prominent a part in Victorian Society and who was even better known as a writer than as an actress. Mr. Arthur Stanley will probably enter political life. His grandfather, the first Peer, was a famous Liberal statesman, and he is himself first-cousin (by marriage) to Mr. St. John Brodrick; he also stands in the same blood-relationship to Lord Morpeth and Earl Russell.

"All's Well—" The conclusion of what has come to be called the "Beaufort Castle Shooting Case" has given great satisfaction in Scotland. The Pittsburg millionaire who has now been for some years Lord Lovat's tenant has acted with great good feeling and wise generosity to those fishermen whom his young sons mistook for poachers, and all those concerned may now feel that they are well out of an unpleasant affair. Scotland owes much to the

The Queen and British Industries.

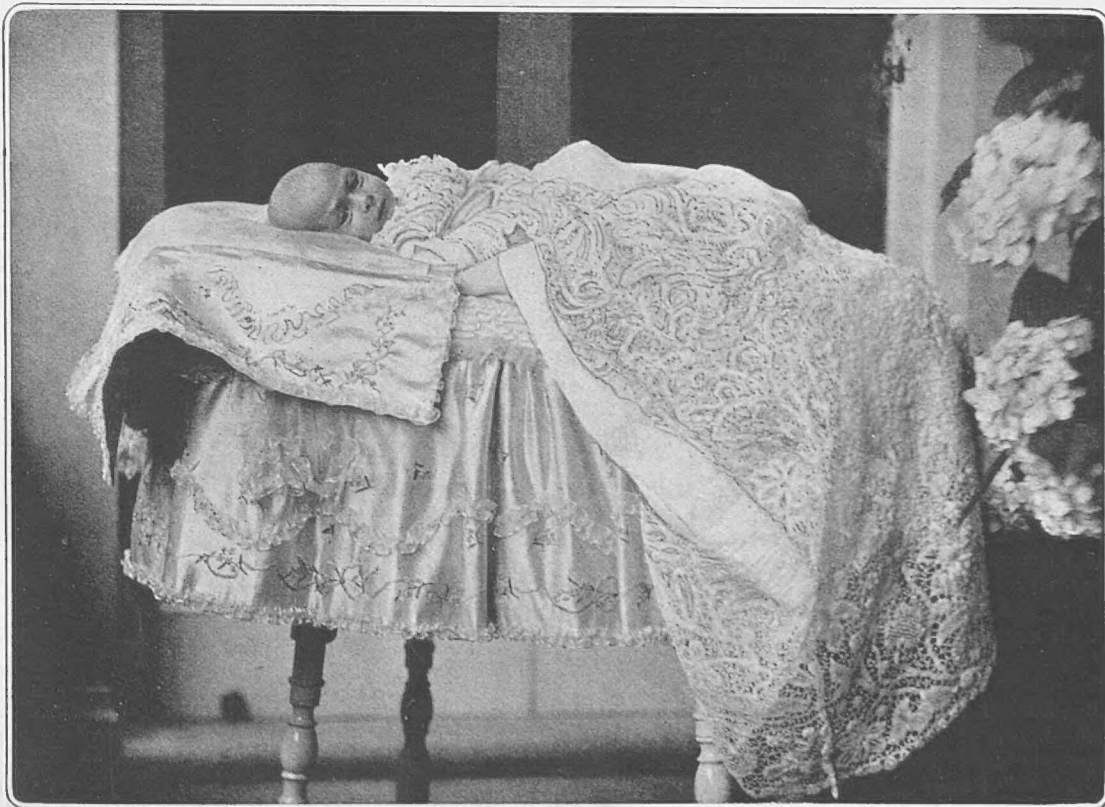
During her stay at Balmoral Her Majesty has been making many purchases of typical Scottish and North British gems and objects suitable for presentation to Royal personages as well as to others during her coming stay in Denmark. Queen Alexandra may be said never to forget British industries, and in this matter she shows a splendid example to many British-born Peeresses and to those wives of Anglo-Saxon millionaires who patronise Continental jewellers and nicknack-manufacturers. The Queen specially delights in encouraging those homely—one may almost say, humble—industries which are now to be found in most country districts, and each autumn Her Majesty takes a large number of British-made gifts to the Danish Court.

The Doncaster Week.

The King's presence at Rufford Abbey makes all the difference, socially speaking, to Doncaster Week. This is, doubtless, why His Majesty lets his plans with regard to this special fixture be known so long beforehand. Lord and Lady Savile have long been among the Sovereign's most favoured hosts; and, even before they inherited their splendid property from the present Peer's uncle, King Edward, as Prince of Wales, was frequently a guest at Rufford, where, by the way, hangs one of the best portraits of His Majesty ever painted, and this although the painting is that of an amateur, a member of Lord Savile's family, who was regarded as one of the best portraitists in Society.

The Kaiser's Silver Wedding.

Already the Berlin townfolk are waxing excited over their Emperor's Silver Wedding. This important festival is not due till next February; but the energetic Kaiser has sanctioned the beginning of certain preparations, and it is said that a very large gathering of Royal personages will be asked to be present at the religious ceremony, which will be followed by the most magnificent banquet ever held in the grand old Schloss which has seen so many splendid functions. Both



A NEW PORTRAIT OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES'S YOUNGEST SON, PRINCE JOHN.

Photograph by Ralph.

Transatlantic sportsman who scatters gold galore throughout the Highlands, and each year sees historic castles and moors, to say nothing of deer-forests, pass into their hands. French and German millionaires are also discovering the charms of Caledonia, and it is said that the Tsar, should he ever have to leave his native land, would join the increasing band of foreign "Highland lairds."

A Marriage of the Marches.

The marriage of Miss Louisa Geraldine Ingham with Mr. Philip Bartholomew Barneby, of Tre Wyn, Monmouthshire, which will shortly be celebrated at Sugwas, in Herefordshire, the bride's home, may well be called a Marriage of the Marches. It has aroused great interest in Society on the Welsh borders. Miss Ingham is the elder of His Honour Judge Ingham's two daughters. She has five brothers, of whom three bear respectively the names of Penrose, Fitzgerald, and Uniacke. Judge Ingham, who has been a County Court Judge since 1892, is the only surviving son of Sir James Taylor Ingham, for so many years London's Chief Magistrate at Bow Street. His Honour married his cousin, Miss Penrose, of Woodhill, and this furnished a fresh link with the family of Uniacke-Penrose-Fitzgerald, of which Sir Robert of the triple name, M.P. for Cambridge Town, is the head; and this accounts, too, for the names of Miss Ingham's brothers. The bridegroom, who will be thirty in October, is the second son of the late Mr. William Barneby, of Clater Park and Saltmarsh Castle, Herefordshire. This family came originally from Yorkshire, a younger branch of an ancient family in the East Riding. Mr. P. B. Barneby's kinsman, Mr. W. H. Barneby, of Brockington Grange, Bromyard, and Longworth, Herefordshire, is married to a sister of Sir Michael Hicks Beach, M.P.



MR. PHILIP BARTHOLOMEW BARNEBY,
SON OF THE LATE
MR. WILLIAM BARNEBY, WHO IS ENGAGED
TO MISS LOUISA INGHAM.

Photograph by Thomson.

A Cultured Millionaire.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan's significant call on President Roosevelt, and the way in which it was regarded as a straw showing that the wind was blowing in the direction of peace, afford a curious testimony to the power of the purse in international politics. The great banking-houses of the world are often much more really the controllers of events and makers of history than monarchs and their Ministers. And certainly Mr. Morgan, who has more than one finger in the delightful pies of J. S. Morgan and Co., London, Drexel and Co., Philadelphia, J. P. Morgan and Co., New York, and Morgan, Harjes, and Co., Paris, has controlled a good few events in his time. The typical American is popularly supposed to have worn himself out with continual "hustling" at, say, forty; but Mr. Morgan was sixty-eight last April, and is "going strong." He is in every way a contrast to Mr. Rockefeller, the other great American financier. For he was born rich, his father having been a banker before him, and he had an excellent education; in fact, there are few more widely read and broadly cultivated men living. He is a big man, thick-set, with large features—the nose being particularly prominent without at all suggesting Palestine—a square, tenacious chin, grizzled hair, and close-cut moustache. In America they attribute his successes chiefly to the hypnotic glance of his grey eyes, before which, they say, even "Teddy" Roosevelt quails!

Cræsus as Connoisseur.

Probably Mr. Morgan's most valuable gift is really his power of silence, though he can talk in several languages if he likes. His art-collections are astounding, but more notable even than his expertise in everything beautiful is his strong sense of justice. This he showed conspicuously in what Mr. Sherlock Holmes would call "The Affair of the Ascoli Cope," that wonderful piece of mediæval embroidery which Mr. Morgan bought and then restored

to Italy because he found it had been stolen. For this act King Victor Emmanuel conferred on him the Order of SS. Maurice and Lazarus. On the other hand, his action in securing the dismissal of a museum assistant over a supposed "faked" statue seems decidedly more open to question. His town-house at Prince's Gate is really two knocked into one, and it is crammed with exquisite things, as is also his villa at Roehampton, Dover House; but not many of his purchases are at his Madison Avenue palace, because of the absurd American import-duties on works of art. He is also a keen yachtsman and dog-fancier, a sincere Episcopalian, a great novel-reader, a generous founder of hospitals and churches, and, last but not least, he is the head and front of the great Shipping Trust. Children love him, for this potent financier has a perfectly astonishing gift for improvising fairy-tales.

Mr. Yerkes. Minor poets have a distinct grievance against Mr. C. T. Yerkes, because his name ought to, but doesn't, rhyme with that of Mr. Perks, that other monarch of London underground railways. It is felt in bardic circles either that Mr. Yerkes should become a monosyllable or else that Mr. Perks should Imperially extend himself to two syllables. However you pronounce his name, Mr. Yerkes is remarkable even among American millionaires. He comes of a Quaker stock, and his most striking characteristic is his wonderful calmness and sweetness of temper. Sir Wilfrid Lawson would eagerly attribute this to the fact that he is a teetotaller, but, curiously enough, he is not that, although he is a total abstainer from alcohol. For he is also a total abstainer from tea,



MISS LOUISA GERALDINE INGHAM,
DAUGHTER OF JUDGE INGHAM, WHO IS
ENGAGED TO
MR. PHILIP BARTHOLOMEW BARNEBY.

Photograph by Thomson.

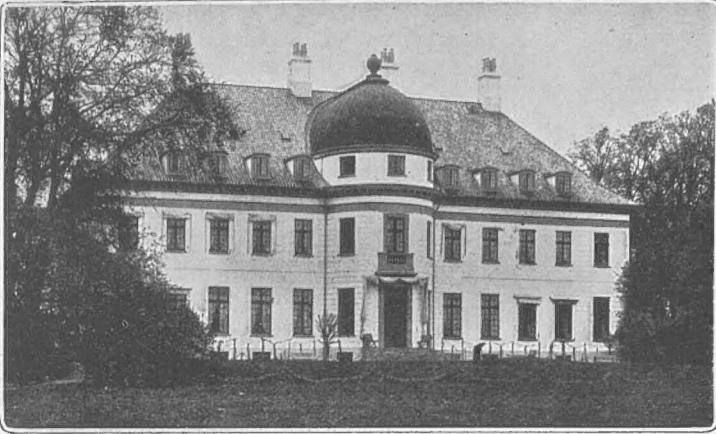
and eke coffee and tobacco, consolatory substitutes for alcohol which are admitted even by the most rigid. Mr. Yerkes is a Philadelphian, and is sixty-eight, only a couple of months younger than Mr. Pierpont Morgan. The recent solar eclipse must have vastly entertained him, for astronomy is a hobby of his. He presented what is probably the finest telescope in the world to the Yerkes Observatory, Wisconsin. This Railway King, with his refined, delicate face, and distinguished-looking white hair and moustache, actually failed in business as a banker more than thirty years ago. He is in his way a collector like Mr. Pierpont Morgan, and the Bond Street dealers know his autograph at the foot of big cheques.

A Convert from Rome?

Lord Acton, His Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires at Berne, has been presiding at a Church of England function in the Swiss capital, when he delivered a remarkable attack on what he called "the theological equation." He even looked forward to a time when religious differences might be a bond of union instead of a cause of strife. Certainly his father, who was reputed to be the most learned historian in Europe, was a very liberal-minded Catholic, but he would hardly have gone as far as this! The young Peer—he is not much over thirty—is a good-looking man, with a very clever face. He married Miss Lyon, of Appleton Hall, Cheshire, and their little daughter, born last April, has for god-parents the Princess Immaculata of Bourbon-Sicily, and her great-uncle, Count Anton Arco-Valley. Lord Acton is high in favour at Court. The late Empress Frederick had a warm admiration for his father, and he is likely to go far in diplomacy. Lady Acton is a tall, athletic lady, famed at Cannes for her tennis-playing, and she also has a strong bent for music, art, and literature.



THE PURCHASER OF ENGLAND'S ART-TREASURES:
MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN WITH HIS NIECE.



THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO DENMARK: BERNSTORFF CASTLE, WHERE HER MAJESTY IS TO PAY A VISIT TO HER FATHER.

Bernstorff is not one of the most elaborate of Royal residences; indeed, it is small and unpretentious. It is beautifully situated, however, some six miles from Copenhagen. The dining-room can only hold about a score of people, and it is partly due to this fact that dinner has occasionally been served in the gardens. It was at Bernstorff that Queen Alexandra's mother used to gather together her many illustrious relations, and, incidentally, to cause much fluttering in the Chancelleries of Europe.

Bernstorff. Bernstorff, where the Queen is about to pay a visit to her father, King Christian, is the least magnificent of all the Danish Royal residences. It boasts none of the splendours of the four Amalienborg Palaces or of Fredensborg. In fact, it is quite a small, plain, whitewashed château. Yet this comparatively humble manor-house, which any *nouveau riche* would scorn, was for years the scene of meetings which gravely concerned the Chancelleries of Europe. There Queen Alexandra's beautiful and large-hearted mother was wont to assemble every year her numerous descendants, sons-in-law and daughters-in-law and their families, and, as Queen Louise took a keenly intelligent interest in politics, it was no wonder that diplomatists and Foreign Ministers occupied themselves with what might be said and discussed at Bernstorff. Queen Louise was much attached to the place; she always used to cut the flowers for the dinner-table and arrange them herself, and she bought two or three neighbouring villas to add to Bernstorff's limited accommodation. Her paintings and other possessions are still there, preserved with pious care.



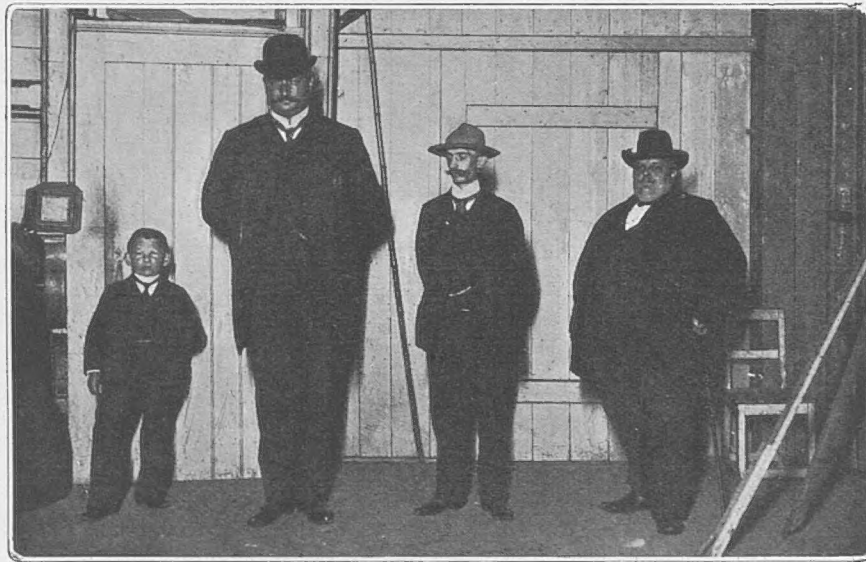
[Photo, Frith.]

A FORGOTTEN ROYAL ESTATE: NONSUCH PARK, CHEAM, WHICH FORMERLY BELONGED TO HENRY VIII.

In 1538, Henry VIII., hunting in the neighbourhood of Cheam, found his surroundings so pleasant that he decided to exchange an estate of which he had grown tired for the one owned there by Sir John Codyngton. Villagers were turned out of their homes, their houses and the parish church pulled down, and the estate turned into two hunting-parks. Then Henry began to build a palace, which, however, was not completed at the time of his death, and is now recalled only by its name. The present mansion was built about a hundred years ago.

Waterloo Battlefield. The most interesting point on the field of Waterloo is Hougoumont Farm, the famous position around which the great battle of June 18, 1815, raged.

To-day it presents a very peaceful appearance. Sheep graze in the orchard taken and re-taken so many times in the contest, and chickens walk about in the farmyard where perished some of the best men of both armies. The farm was one of the first objects of Napoleon's attack at Waterloo. It lay in a valley between the two armies, and the Duke of Wellington had garrisoned it with the Second Brigade of Guards, under Major-General Sir John Byng, the Light Companies of the First Brigade; the Light Companies of the Coldstream, and a detachment under Lieutenant-Colonel Macdonnell. These were variously distributed in the château, the farmyard, and gardens. A strong wall which surrounds the farm on all sides was pierced with holes for musketry, and Wellington erected scaffolding inside the orchard, so that the men could fire over the wall. The whole of Reille's



Bruno Schmidt. Joseph Olschewsky. Richard Minelli. Hans Feldhosen.

A CONGRESS OF HUMAN CURIOSITIES: THE SMALLEST, TALLEST, THINNEST, AND STOUTEST MEN WHO RECENTLY COMPETED FOR PRIZES IN BERLIN.

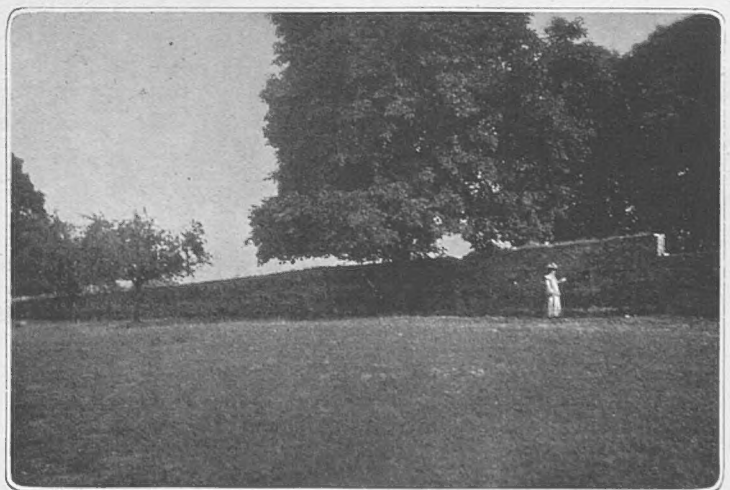
The Congress took place in "The New World," Berlin. The prize for the tallest man was won by Joseph Olschewsky, who is thirty-nine years old, and six feet seven inches in height; that for the smallest, by Bruno Schmidt, who is twenty-eight years old, and three feet two inches in height; that for the stoutest, by Hans Feldhosen, who is twenty-nine years old, and has a waist-measurement of some five feet five inches; that for the thinnest, by Richard Minelli, who is forty-two years old, and has a chest-measurement of about one foot eleven and a-quarter inches.

Photograph supplied by Dannenberg and Co.

Corps, consisting of 30,000 men, some of the finest fighters in the French army, was concentrated on Hougoumont Farm, which



THE FIELD OF WATERLOO: HOUGOUMONT FARM, SHOWING THE WELL DOWN WHICH NAPOLEON IS SAID TO HAVE THROWN THREE HUNDRED OF HIS WOUNDED.



THE FIELD OF WATERLOO: HOUGOUMONT FARM, AROUND WHICH THE BATTLE RAGED, SHOWING THE WALL WHICH THE ENGLISH PIERCED FOR THEIR GUNS.

Photographs by W. B. Northrop.

Napoleon hoped to take quickly by storm. As a matter of fact, the position was never taken, and the French army tried every possible means throughout that fatal June 18th to capture it. Wellington threw reinforcements into the place from time to time. It is estimated that the woods and gardens surrounding the farm were taken and re-captured no less than nine times. The Allied forces lost in this attack on Hougoumont twenty-eight officers and nine hundred men, while various authorities give the loss of the French at ten thousand. Lord Dudley said in one of his letters, speaking of Hougoumont Farm: "This Belgian yeoman's garden was the safeguard of Europe, and the destiny of mankind turned upon the possession of his house." Battlefield-guides point to a well in the interior of the gardens down which Napoleon is said to have thrown three hundred of his wounded who were beyond the means of aid. A little chapel, also within the grounds, is thought by the peasantry to have been the scene of a miracle. Though Napoleon set fire to the buildings and chapel, the fire stopped at the foot of a crucifix, which is shown to-day with much veneration.

Rufford Abbey.

Rufford Abbey, where the King is to honour Lord and Lady Savile with a visit, is a splendid old house in which much of the ancient Cistercian monastery is included. His Majesty, as we note on another page, first visited Rufford in the 'eighties, as the guest of Mr. Augustus Savile, and more than once under its present ownership, notably in 1900, when the death of

the Duke of Coburg prevented him from seeing Diamond Jubilee win the St. Leger, and in 1903,

when His Majesty planted a mulberry-tree in Lady Savile's wonderful Italian Garden. The King has, in fact, seen the house both before and after the improvements effected by the first Lord Savile, who was a man of much taste. The Great Drawing-room is hung with magnificent crimson and silver damask; the ceiling is a wonder of carving, and all over the house there is a wealth of tapestry and old



A FUTURE HOSTESS OF THE KING:
LADY BURTON.

Photograph by R. Keene.

stamped leather. The estate is well wooded and the great lake adds to its attractions. Rufford has a ghost, a "White Lady," who is really one of the dispossessed monks in the white habit of his order; but Lord and Lady Savile declare that they have never seen him. The Stuart relics and the historical portraits complete the tale of Rufford's charms.

Jenny Lind and the Tourists. Apropos of the closing of parks owing to the ill-manners of tourists, a good story used to be told of Jenny Lind, the famous singer. She was very much worried by the curiosity of indiscreet admirers in her home near Malvern, and one day a party of sightseers managed, by bribing a servant, to get into the house. The great singer found herself almost obliged to receive the tourists in her drawing-room,



A STATUE SUPPOSED TO DATE FROM 4500 B.C.: THE SUMERIAN KING DAVID, FOUND AT BISMYA, BABYLONIA.

The statue was found lying upon its back, headless, and with broken toes; is of white marble; and was found during excavations at the corner of the ancient Temple Hill at Bismya. The head was recovered from another part of the ruin. Upon the right shoulder there is an inscription of three lines in the Sumerian language, which reads as follows: "(The Temple) Eshar; King Daudu (Daud = David); King (of) Udnunki." The name of the King is entirely new to Assyriologists, and the date of the statue is fixed approximately at 4500 B.C.

By courtesy of "The Scientific American."

shrewd-looking gentleman knew something about beer!

An Interesting Engagement.

The Hon. Mrs. Arthur Webster's engagement to Mr. Ian Ramsay of Kildalton, Islay, is of interest to Scottish society and also to English politico-legal circles. Mrs. Webster is the daughter of Sir Francis Evans, M.P., the great ship-owner. Her marriage to the Lord Chief Justice's only son and heir took place in 1898, and she was left a widow four years later. Lord Alverstone, who has never married again since his wife's death in 1877, is tenderly attached to his daughter-in-law, and she is to be present with him on Sept. 20, when he opens the Cottage Hospital which he has built in the Isle of Wight in memory of his son.



A FUTURE HOST OF THE KING:
LORD BURTON.

Photograph by R. Keene.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO LORD AND LADY SAVILE: THE HALL OF RUFFORD ABBEY, WHERE HIS MAJESTY WILL STAY FROM SEPTEMBER 11TH UNTIL SEPTEMBER 17TH.

Photograph by L. Willoughby.

and, when the whole party had crowded in and were staring at her open-mouthed, she got up, made them a profound curtsy, and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, the show is about to begin. Pay attention. This is my full-face. This is my side-face. And this is my back." And, so saying, she swept out of the room, leaving the tourists dumb with astonishment.

Lord and Lady Burton.

Lord and Lady Burton, whom the King is about to honour with a visit at Loch Quoich Lodge, have often entertained His Majesty. Lady Burton is the sister of Miss Jane Thornewill, who is reputed to be the best of all fair bridge-players, and who also is honoured by His Majesty's friendship. The *châtelaine* of Rangemore, Chesterfield House, and Loch Quoich is a very charming and unaffected person. As for Lord Burton, so long known in the House as Sir Arthur Bass, he is very proud of his beer—indeed, his family motto, "Basis virtutum constantia," alludes punningly to the delicious fluid. He has always taken a great part in managing the famous brewery, and at Burton-on-Trent he is never happy except when founding schools, hospitals, and churches. Lord and Lady Burton's only child, heiress to her father's title, married Mr. James Baillie of Dochfour. Lord Burton tells the story of how he and the late Lord Hindlip, the two great personifications of beer, were once nearly drowned in water while boating in Scotland, as well as the story of how he himself was once offered the post of manager of a small brewery by a talkative stranger in a railway-carriage who discovered that this kindly,

Mr. Stead, who is now in St. Petersburg, has just expressed his views on the establishment of the Duma in an article entitled "Sursum Corda" issued in the *Viedomosti*. He gives it as his opinion that the Duma resulting from the defeats in the Far East will give Russia both freedom of assembly and freedom of the Press. This, he argues, is better than twenty Manchurias.

A PLAYER IN "LADY MADCAP."



MISS AMY WEBSTER, WHO IS APPEARING AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

Photograph by W. and D. Downey.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

THE trouble between Lords Curzon and Kitchener comes as a very nasty reminder that even our ablest administrators are very human. And it suggests, moreover, that in the highest offices of State there is less discretion than one might hope to expect, for it is obvious that the rather undignified quarrel should not have been given to the world. Perhaps the best solution of the trouble lies in the fact that India, for all its area, is unable to hold two such men as the Viceroy and the Commander-in-Chief. Neither is able to brook the presence of a possible rival who is willing and able to put a spoke in his wheel. In this connection, I am reminded of a saying of the famous Sheikh Saadi, the Persian philosopher and poet. "Ten Dervishes," said he, "can dwell in peace on one rug, but two Princes cannot live in one Empire."

Sport and Rain. In spite of the high hopes entertained for the grouse-shooting this year, there is no doubt that in many parts of Scotland and the North of England the rain has spoilt sport. In the Lowlands of Scotland, June and July were strangely fine and sunny, and the corn was ripe for the harvesting by the time the guns first sought the moors. Then the clouds remembered their proper functions, gathered in their legions, and smote the corn and moorlands from Dan even unto Beersheba. In parts of the country where the grouse must be walked up rather than driven, sport is quite at a standstill; the birds rise at a very great distance and seek the back of beyond at express speed. Even on some of the level moorland, where driving is followed from the beginning to the end of the season, the birds are beginning to pack, and the pace of their flight is fatal to the reputation of second-class shots. Everywhere there is rain, and I was not at all surprised to read that the Prince of Wales was going to Moy Hall to shoot with The Mackintosh of Mackintosh. Nothing could be more appropriate.

Peace! In common with many other mortals, I read the announcement of peace in the Far East with considerable satisfaction, but I fail to find equal pleasure in certain of the comments of the papers concerning various sayings, or supposed sayings, fathered on the Russian plenipotentiary. Possibly, in his surprise at finding his Imperial master's "ultimatum" agreed to by the Japanese, M. Witte gave expression to his feelings in manner that was more natural than diplomatic. That, however, seems to me no reason why his statements should be published broadcast and embroidered by those who deemed it their business to shout them in the world's ear. There seems little doubt that Japan's concessions came from a desire

that the sacrifice of lives should cease, rather than from any fear of what might happen if the war were continued.

"Wee Frees." Although we in England have forgotten the controversy between the Free Church and the United Free Church of Scotland, popular feeling still runs high to the North of Tweed. The Act that ran through the Houses of Parliament before the Session closed declares that, the House of Lords' decision notwithstanding, where the "Wee Frees" cannot show a certain percentage of strength in a district they shall not be entitled to administer their own estates, but the administration shall pass to the United Free Church. Naturally enough, after the House of Lords had stated that the old Free Church was entitled to all its own property, this new Act has created intense bitterness among the faithful few, and the Scottish newspapers publish very bitter complaints from the Free Churchmen. They complain, and not without cause, that because they are few in numbers they are being robbed in fashion that is legal rather than equitable. For myself, I confess that I sympathise with the "Wee Frees," and would suggest that, if they have not a motto, they should adopt this: "De minimis non curat Lex!"

Famine and Prosperity. News from Spain tells of famine and want in Andalusia on a scale that must touch the hearts of the most callous; we hear of women and children dying of hunger by the roadside. And at a time when this awful poverty is rampant, and a hard-up Government is making doles for public works to stave off further calamity, I read that the celebrated matador Bombita has retired from the bull-ring in the prime of life with a fortune of eighty thousand pounds. Apart from this sum, he is reputed to have many thousands of pounds' worth of jewellery, for he is one of the best-looking bull-fighters in Spain, and it was a point of honour for smart women to be in love with him. I remember Bombita when he first came into the first-class arenas and was known for his extraordinary daring and recklessness. Twice I have seen him literally under the horns of a bull, and one of the greatest of Spain's bull-fighters assured me that Bombita

would never live to retire from his work. The speaker was a better torero than prophet, but he has not yet been able to retire. When one considers how the bull-fighter's fortune is largely made up of the pence of the very poor, the significance of the amount accumulated may be properly gauged.



BUMBLE MINOR: NEW YORK SCHOOLBOYS WHO RECENTLY ELECTED THE MAYOR OF "THE PLAYGROUND CITY."

Photograph by G. G. Bain.



BUMBLE MINOR: NEW YORK SCHOOLBOYS RECORDING VOTES FOR THE MAYOR OF "THE PLAYGROUND CITY."

As we have already noted in "The Sketch," Hamilton Fish Park, New York, has just been re-named "The Playground City," and a Charter has been granted to the children who frequent it. The Mayor and Council, all children, were recently elected, and will have sole control of the park, subject only to the Mayor of New York.

Photograph by G. G. Bain.

"THE DUFFER," AT THE COMEDY.



Paul Martin (Mr. Henry Ainley).

Miss Mary Hillier (Miss Beryl Faber).

PAUL MARTIN AT WORK ON THE PICTURE WHICH WINS HIM THE GOLD MEDAL OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Robert Iles
Mr. Weedon Grossmith).Miss Montgomery
(Miss Elsie Clements).Lady Amelia Cainshays
(Miss Gertrude Kingston).Charles Chester Miss Mary Hillier.
(Mr. W. T. Lovell).

THE LIFE-SCHOOL, ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.



Miss Mary Hillier.

Robert Iles.

Miss Phyllis Wade
(Miss Rita Jolivet).

Paul Martin.

PAUL MARTIN, DISTRAUGHT AT FINDING THAT MARY HILLIER DOES NOT LOVE HIM, DEFACES HIS GOLD-MEDAL PICTURE.

Paul Martin, the genius of the Royal Academy School, Charles Chester, and Robert Iles, "The Duffer," are all in love with Mary Hillier, called "Niobe." Iles proposes first, but is laughed at for his pains, and is persuaded by Paul Martin to give Charles Chester the impression that Martin is engaged to Mary Hillier. On learning the fact that she is not in love with him, Paul Martin throws up his artistic career, says that he can and will work no more, and gives himself up to despair. Later, Mary Hillier is persuaded to again sit for him, and, encouraged by her agreement with his request, Martin imagines that she has fallen in love with him, and proposes. Rejection causes him to deface the picture he has painted for the Academy gold medal. Then comes the turn of "The Duffer," who rubs out the disfiguring marks on the picture, paints the face, and wins the medal for his friend. In the end, Paul Martin is persuaded to devote himself to his art, Mary Hillier is engaged to Charles Chester, and Robert Iles is pledged to Phyllis Wade.

Photographs by the Dover Street Studios.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"THE BLUE MOON"—"THE WHITE CHRYSANTHEMUM."

ALTHOUGH Mr. George Edwardes has announced that the reign of musical comedy is waning, and has acted on his view by the agreeable production of "The Little Michus," there have been two new works of the class presented this week, and a third is promised for the end of the month. It is too early to say whether the greatest expert on the subject is correct in his opinion, or suggest

that the phrase concerning the timidity of angels and the rushing in of—others applies. Certainly "The Blue Moon," on which has been spent enough money to mount half-a-dozen modern comedies of real life, was received with hearty favour, and, unless public taste has changed, is likely to have a long run, for in almost every respect it is as good as most of its class, and in some considerably better than the average. Moreover, it owns the merit of presenting not only popular favourites, such as Messrs. Courtice Pounds, Walter Passmore, and Willie Edouin, but also two charming ladies of talent, Miss Florence Smithson and Miss

of laughter. There are scenes for Mr. Walter Passmore, bandsman of a local orchestra, who is very funny when he has the chance, and sings and dances capitally. Much of his work is done with Miss Carrie Moore, who plays a soubrette part with great vivacity and says her songs most ingeniously. Miss Billie Burke has several numbers, and pleased her admirers by her method of delivering them, and acted with abundance of emphasis. Miss Smithson's singing as the Blue Moon is very agreeable, and she proves a welcome addition to the new group of tiny leading ladies who seem to be the rage in musical comedy; and Mr. Thorley sang pleasantly in the part of her lover. Mr. Courtice Pounds, as a middle-aged, amatory Major, had plenty of songs, which he delivered to the delight of the house.

The music by Mr. Howard Talbot is tuneful and effective, but the more successful numbers are by Mr. Paul Rubens, who has written the lyrics for them; most of them are strictly of the Rubens type, and do not, perhaps, appeal very strongly to the critical, who ask for something a little fresher than his humours, neater than his versification, and less hackneyed than his tunes; but the critical were clearly in the minority, as usual, and the audience was delighted. The piece is very handsomely mounted, and many of the costumes, which were designed by Wilhelm, are beautiful. A noticeable effect was the opening of the second Act, which was delightful, though, unfortunately, it lost much of its charm when the lights were raised. There is also a very pretty wedding procession.

Mr. Howard Talbot is also responsible for the music of "The White Chrysanthemum," at the Criterion, and something therein—whether it was the prospect of having Miss Isabel Jay, Miss Marie George, Mr. Henry Lytton, and Mr. Rutland Barrington as his interpreters, or the fact that the authors had provided him with a story of some substance and lyrics of more than usual merit—has inspired him to do his very best. The result is three or four songs which reveal the hand of a musician, and several choruses of real originality and skill; in fact, this "lyrical comedy" is the nearest approach we have had for some time from British writers and composers to the work of Mr. Edward German and Mr. Basil Hood. There are lapses into the commonplace of ordinary musical comedy, inevitable, perhaps, in a play which takes Japan as its scene and introduces British officers, an American heiress, a Chinese servant, and a Geisha chorus; but such lapses are refreshingly rare and do not blind us to the fact that in Messrs. Leedham Barratock and Arthur Anderson two new authors have come forward with symptoms of the presence of an artistic conscience and a desire to adapt the musical-comedy "form," such as it is, to higher uses. There is cleverness in much of the writing, and they will do better still when they have managed to put "The Geisha," "San Toy," and the rest, still further behind them. In the meantime, we owe much to Miss Marie George, Mr. Lawrence Grossmith, and several of the late Savoy Company for a very pleasant evening.



MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER AND HIS ONLY DAUGHTER, PRUDENCE.

Photograph by Ralph.

Carrie Moore, who may be regarded as new-comers, though the latter, I believe, appeared in "The Cingalee," but not in the original cast, and these two ladies enjoyed quite a triumph.

There is a melancholy interest attached to the piece, owing to the fact that its author, Harold Ellis, died before the production. He was a young man who in the play "Young Mr. Yarde," produced at the Royalty, showed considerable promise, and had done other dramatic work of value which makes his sadly premature death a real loss to our stage. It is impossible to form any idea of the quality of his work in "The Blue Moon," since, in addition to having the alterations presumably made during rehearsal, alterations which in most cases are very considerable and cause agony to young writers, his book has been "revised." With the truth of the maxim, "Translators, traitors," we are all well acquainted, and theatrical history shows that, as a rule, still severer things may be said justly concerning revisers. As to the treatment of this particular book by Mr. A. M. Thompson, the reviser, I have no knowledge at all. It is obvious, when looking at the piece, that at some time it possessed a more coherent and dramatic story than is customary, and, even as it stands, the second Act is more consecutive in treatment than in most musical comedies.

The action of the work passes in Burmah, a fact which was referred to in "The Cingalee" case as showing that the plaintiff's claim to have found a new locality for a musical comedy was ill-founded. However, there is little local colour in the work, so far, at least, as idea is concerned, and its events might happen in many parts of the world—if at all. The heroine is our rather old friend, the child of aristocratic parents stolen in infancy. In this instance she is carried off to Burmah by an Englishman, a deserter from the Army, who passes her off as a Burmese singing-girl and gets her betrothed to a native Prince; but, in obedience to the laws of musical comedy, she falls in love with a young English officer who is willing to wed her, despite all obstacles of race and station.

Of course, it is not upon sentiment, but humours, that musical comedy depends, and, indeed, the audience is inclined to mock at the love-scenes. There is plenty of Mr. Willie Edouin as the deserter who pretends to be Burmese and acts as marriage-broker, juggler, and idol-maker: perhaps there is a little too much of him, or, at least, too much repetition of particular business, which, however, causes roars



SHEEP FOR "THE PRODIGAL SON" ON THEIR WAY TO DRURY LANE.

"The Prodigal Son" opens with a sheep-gathering, an Icelandic custom which still exists in this country in Westmorland and Cumberland. The flock which is to appear on the stage of Drury Lane has been specially trained for its work.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

THE RE-OPENING OF THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.



MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS,
WHO IS PLAYING CHARITY CONCANNON IN "ON THE LOVE PATH," TO BE PRODUCED AT THE HAYMARKET
THIS EVENING (WEDNESDAY).

COUNTY CRICKET: THE FIRST-CLASS TEAMS.—XIII. WARWICK.



1. HARGREAVE.

2. BAKER.

3. FIELD.

4. T. S. FISHWICK.

5. KINNEIR.

6. LILLEY.

7. W. G. QUAIFE.

8. F. R. LOVEITT.

9. CHARLESWORTH.

10. MOORHOUSE.

11. J. F. BYRNE (CAPTAIN).

12. SANTALL.

Photographs by Foster.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST PLAYGROUND: CONEY ISLAND AS IT IS TO-DAY.



I. A STREET PARADE IN "DREAMLAND," CONEY ISLAND.

2. CARPENTERS ERECTING A TREE FOR CONEY ISLAND'S REPRESENTATION OF THE BORN WAR.

3. ATTACKING A BLOCKHOUSE DURING THE BOER WAR SPECTACLE.

4. A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CONKY ISLAND FROM MANHATTAN BEACH TO WEST, BRIGHTON.

5. MIMIC BATTLESHIPS USED IN "THE FALL OF PORT ARTHUR" AT CONEY ISLAND.

6. "FIGHTING THE FLAMES" AT CONEY ISLAND (PHOTOGRAPHED WITH THE CURTAIN DOWN).

There was a time when the ultra-respectable New Yorker would have none of Coney Island, preferring Manhattan Beach. Now matters are different: Coney Island is visited by all classes, and the whole shore between West Brighton and Manhattan Beach has become a huge playground for the hundreds of thousands who visit it week by week. As an American paper has it: "Within ten years Coney Island has become the chief near-by recreation place for the people of New York, and now bears about the same relation to old Coney Island that Greater New York bears to old Manhattan Island."

THE SEA-SERPENT SEASON HAS BEGUN!



THE SMALL BOY : Don't be frightened, Auntie, but I've tied my boat to a sea-serpent's tail by mistake.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

A GERMAN HONEYMOON.



A SKETCH IN THE TYROL.

BY DUDLEY HARDY.

THE NEW "VÉRONIQUE."



MISS DEBORAH VOLAR AS HÉLÈNE DE SOLANGES, AT THE APOLLO.

Photographs by Ellis and Walery.

"THE FORTUNE-TELLER."



MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT MASQUERADING AS A FORTUNE-TELLER
IN MR. CLYDE FITCH'S NEW PLAY, "HER GREAT MATCH," PRODUCED AT BUFFALO ON AUGUST 31st.
Photographs by Histed.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE prospects of the autumn publishing season are decidedly encouraging. It is a good sign that the bookbinders are hopeful. They have been somewhat pessimistic for many a day, and now all parties seem to have made up their minds that there is to be no General Election this year, and that there will be good trade between the end of September and Christmas. May it be so!

Already not a few publishers have issued their autumn lists, and I propose to make some selections and comments. Mr. F. T. Bullen is to publish a new volume with Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. It will be entitled "Back to Sunny Seas," and will deal with the West Indies and its problems. The work is based on personal observations. Mr. Bullen will also issue a book of collected essays with Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, and a story for boys with Messrs. James Nisbet and Co. Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. will also issue a new and limited edition of Sir Leslie Stephen's Essays in ten volumes, with introductory essays by Mr. James Bryce and Mr. Herbert Paul; Captain Robert Scott's narrative of "The Voyage of the *Discovery*," in two elaborately illustrated volumes; and the charming "Blackstick Papers," by Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, which have been appearing in the *Cornhill*. They will also publish the biography of W. J. Fox, the eminent Unitarian preacher, by Dr. Garnett. This book has been very much delayed, but it ought to prove interesting, were it only for the intimate relations that subsisted between Fox and Robert Browning in Browning's youth. Canon Beeching's "Provincial Letters" will be reprinted from the *Cornhill*. There will be a second volume of Professor Knight's "Retrospects," and a new "Life of John Wesley," by Dr. W. H. Fitchett, who is a Methodist minister in Australia and has gained a wide reputation as the author of "Deeds that Won the Empire."

Under the energetic management of Mr. Arthur Spurgeon, we may confidently expect to see a revival of the activities of Messrs. Cassell. Among the books in their autumn list the chief is, perhaps, a volume of Sir Wemyss Reid's Memoirs, 1842-1885, edited by his brother, Mr. Stuart J. Reid. It is understood that Sir Wemyss Reid left two volumes. The latter deals with the politics of the period between the introduction of the Home Rule Bill and the author's death. During part of that time Sir Wemyss Reid edited the *Speaker* and came into close relations with Lord Rosebery and others. This volume will not be published till the time is ripe. Messrs. Cassell announce a new "Artists' Series," the first volume of which deals with the Life and Work of Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, and has been written by Mr. Percy Cross Standing. Sir Lawrence has sanctioned the book and has co-operated with the author. This will be followed by a study of Mrs. Ernest Normand by Mr. Arthur Fish. Cheap books on art are quite a feature in the

present day, and nearly all publishers are issuing series of this kind. Mrs. A. L. Felkin, better known as Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, is to publish a new edition of her poems. The new lady publisher, Mrs. E. Grant Richards, is to issue a new series of popular classics which are said to be an improvement of the famous "World's Classics" originally published by her husband. In her list are included novels by Mr. Filson Young and Mr. Blyth, the author of "Juicy Joe." Messrs. A. and C. Black, who have published, with remarkable celerity and enterprise, a very popular series of coloured books, are to issue a fine illustrated edition, with coloured pictures, of the Poet Laureate's "The Garden that I Love," the subject of which is his own garden in Kent, of which Mr. George S. Elgood has made paintings.

Mr. John Lane, who, by the way, has firmly established his American business, is to publish the Life of Napoleon's ill-starred son, the Duke of Reichstadt. Hitherto there has been no special

Life in English of this young man. The author of the biography, Professor Wertheimer, has collected a large amount of interesting material, and has also received permission to reproduce numerous portraits. Messrs. Chapman and Hall will publish in a substantial volume Mr. J. Butler Burke's account of his much-controverted discovery of the spontaneous generation of life. The title chosen for the book is "Life as a Mode of Motion." Mr. Frank Podmore, who is well known in connection with psychical research, has written a Life of the social reformer, Robert Owen. He has had access to a mass of unpublished letters and family papers relating to Owen, of which he has made full use. Owen's communistic experiments at New Lanark were premature, but they retain, and more than retain, their interest. Mr. T. F. Henderson has written a book on Mary Queen of Scots. An interesting feature of



M. ANATOLE FRANCE, THE GREAT FRENCH NOVELIST AND DRAMATIST, AT HOME.

M. Anatole France, of all living French writers, is, if not the greatest, certainly the most characteristic embodiment of the French spirit, with its philosophical and, therefore, intensely sympathetic outlook on life. He has long been known to cultivated English readers for his stories, notably "L'Etui de Nacre," "Thais," and "M. Bergeret à Paris," which exhibit qualities unfortunately of the rarest kind in modern literature. It is now more than two years since his wonderful little play, "Crainquebille," was produced at the Renaissance Theatre, in Paris, with M. Guitry, to whom the piece is dedicated, in the title rôle. The moment was opportune, for the eternal Dreyfus affair was then undergoing some fresh phase, and certainly M. France surpassed himself in this extraordinarily touching study of the disinherited of Paris, the street-hawkers, the beggars—all the curious under-world of the streets. But it is much more than that. It is a picture of French judicial procedure drawn with an irony which appals the spectator by its very truth.

Photograph by Paul Boyer.

the volumes will be a complete set of authentic portraits of the Queen, besides many pictures of her friends and her enemies, and views of places connected with her life.

A French critic, M. Derocquigny, has written a book on the Life and Letters of Charles Lamb. He attempts to fill up the gap in Lamb's life in the first half of 1798 by using "Rosamond Gray." He holds that all the invention in that book is feeble, but the successful part is, in a sense, autobiographical. Thus, he seizes upon Elinor Clare's letter in which she relates how she has dreams of her mother, lately dead. "These words," says M. Derocquigny, "have a meaning in the mouth of Mary Lamb, but what in the mouth of Elinor?" It is quite natural to suppose that "Rosamond Gray" was more or less affected by the circumstances in which it was written, and especially by the extreme grief of Lamb over his mother's death. o. o.

TOILETTES AT TROUVILLE:
SOME FRENCH FROCKS AND FRILLS.



Mme. Rochefort. M. Rochefort.

1. ON BOARD M. RONDET-SAINT'S YACHT, THE "SAINTE-MARTHE."
2. IN THE PADDOCK AT THE DEAUVILLE RACIS.
3. THE DAUGHTER OF THE WELL-KNOWN ARTIST, PAUL HELLEU, ON HER FATHER'S YACHT.
4. AFTERNOON SHOPPING.
5. M. AND MME. HENRI ROCHEFORT IN THE PARK.
6. IN THE RUE DE PARIS, TROUVILLE'S AVENUE DE L'OPÉRA.

"OLIVER TWIST," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.



MR. TREE AS FAGIN.

Photograph by F. W. Burford.

"OLIVER TWIST," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.



1. MR. BASIL GILL AS HARRY MAYLIE.

3. MR. CHARLES HANBURY AS CHARLIE BATES.

2. MR. W. L. ABINGDON AS MONKS.

4. MR. FRANK STANMORE AS THE ARTFUL DODGER.

5. MR. T. P. HAYNES AS MR. BUMBLE.

Photographs by F. W. Burford.

"OLIVER TWIST,"



OLIVER



1. MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER AS NANCY, AND MR. LYN HARDING AS BILL SIKES.

4. MR. TREE AS FAGIN.

2. MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER AS NANCY.

5. MR. LYN HARDING AS BILL SIKES.

Photographs

AT HIS MAJESTY'S.



THE TWIST



MISS COLLIER AS NANCY.

MR. SIKES, AND MR. TREE AS FAGIN.

by F. W. Burford.

3. MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER AS NANCY, AND MR. TREE AS FAGIN.

6. MR. TREE AS FAGIN.

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER AS "THE PRODIGAL SON," AT DRURY LANE.



THE SINNER.

Photograph by Langfier.

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER AS "THE PRODIGAL SON," AT DRURY LANE.



THE PENITENT.

Photograph by Langfier.

"THE BLUE MOON," AT THE LYRIC.



1. MR. FRED ALLANDALE AS BOBBIE SCOTT, AND MISS BILLIE BURKE AS EVELYN ORMSBY.

2. MR. WILLIE EDOUIN AS MOOLRAJ, MISS FLORENCE SMITHSON AS CHANDRA NIL, AND MISS RUTH SAVILLE AS OMA.
"Blue Moon sing; plenty money bring."

3. MR. CLARENCE BLAKISTON AS THE PRINCE BADAHUR, SANATSINJHI, AND MISS ELEANOR SOURAY AS LADY BRABASHAM.

4. MISS RUTH SAVILLE AS OMA, MR. WALTER PASSMORE AS PRIVATE CHARLIE TAYLOR, MR. WILLIE EDOUIN AS MOOLRAJ, AND MISS CARRIE MOORE AS MILLICENT LEROY.
"You do love yer Charlie, don't yer?"

5. MISS BILLIE BURKE AS EVELYN ORMSBY, AND MR. FRED ALLANDALE AS BOBBIE SCOTT.

6. MISS CARRIE MOORE AS MILLICENT LEROY, AND MR. WALTER PASSMORE AS PRIVATE CHARLIE TAYLOR.

"This little girl you must love, and you shall."

Taylor: "That takes the bloom off my bloomin' orchids."

Photographs by the Play Pictorial Publishing Company.

"THE BLUE MOON," AT THE LYRIC.



MR. CLARENCE BLAKISTON AS THE PRINCE BADAHUR SANATSINJHI, MR. WILLIE EDOUIN AS MOOLRAJ, AND MISS FLORENCE SMITHSON AS CHANDRA NIL

Moolraj: "Tell him you love him, Chandra."

Chandra Nil: "I cannot deceive him."

Moolraj: "Never mind; I can."



MISS FLORENCE SMITHSON AS CHANDRA NIL (THE BLUE MOON), A SINGING-GIRL.

Photographs by the Play Pictorial Publishing Company.

WITH APOLOGIES TO THE GENUINE ARTICLE.



THE ORATOR: An' wot, I say, is the position of the workin'-man ter-day? Ain't 'e starvin'—I ask yer?

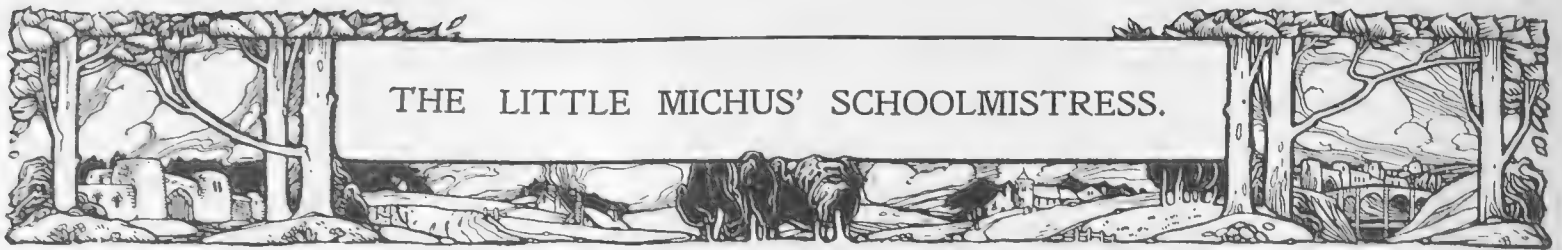
DRAWN BY G. M. PAYNE.

Some Social Pests.



IV.—THE SPORTS.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



MISS ALICE OPPITZ AS Mlle. HERPIN, AT DALY'S.

"The Little Michus" may be said to have been practically recast since its production. Miss Alice Oppitz takes the place of Miss Vera Beringer; Mr. George Graves that of Mr. Willie Edouin; Mr. James Blakeley that of Mr. Huntley Wright; Miss Lily Elsie that of Miss Deborah Volar; and Miss Denise Orme that of Miss Mabel Green. Mlle. Adeline Genée is now dancing in the piece.

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE FOLLY OF THE HONOURABLE CHARLES.

By EMERIC HULME-BEAMAN.

"I ALWAYS thought Charlie was a fool!" observed the Countess.

"Precisely," said the Duke, lighting a cigar.

They were sitting on the verandah of the Paris Hotel, and the Countess was sipping her afternoon-tea. Opposite them and to the left stretched the gardens of the Casino; the band of the Café de Paris, in front, was performing with its usual strenuous cheerfulness; the sun beat hot upon the white domes of the Casino across the square; the familiar picturesque figures of Arabs, hawking their Oriental wares, mingled with the many-hued dresses and startling costumes of a Monte Carlo crowd, below them.

"And," added the Duke, flinging away his match, "you have, naturally, no reason to alter your opinion on the point?"

"Considering that your charming ward is a pauper—no!" said the Countess, with asperity.

"Your charming nephew himself being—not exactly a Cræsus," said the Duke, reflectively.

"Which makes it imperative that he should marry an heiress," the Countess replied.

"Ah," said the Duke, "but if he is in love——"

"My dear Duke," broke in the Countess, impatiently, "you are stupid!"

The Duke stroked his long moustaches and made a little, elegant bow.

"My dear lady, Wisdom is dethroned in the presence of Beauty!" he observed, with exquisite gallantry.

The Countess was mollified.

"Still," she said, "I can scarcely suppose you to contemplate such a match with satisfaction."

"By no means," returned the Duke. "On the contrary, nothing would induce me to sanction it."

"But she is of age?"

"True, she is of age."

"And can please herself?"

"Without doubt."

"Then your sanction is merely a moral one!" the Countess retorted.

"Merely," agreed the Duke, as if the matter did not, after all, interest him very much.

"Why did you bring her to Monte Carlo?" demanded the Countess.

"Why did you bring Charlie here?" he inquired.

"Pray, can I control my nephew's movements?"

The Duke spread out his hands deprecatingly.

The Countess touched his arm.

"There they are," she observed, pointing across the square with her fan.

The Duke glanced up with languid interest.

A young man in flannels and a young lady with a pink parasol were strolling lazily together in the direction of the gardens; they were just passing the fountain opposite the Café de Paris when the Countess's eye fell upon them, and the Duke nodded.

"If only your nephew had money," he murmured. "It would simplify matters so," he added.

"Or if Miss Trelwyn were an heiress," reflected the Countess.

"It must be stopped!" said the Duke, with sudden decision, and he rose firmly to his feet.

"I don't know why you should have chosen to come to Monte Carlo," remarked the Countess, peevishly, "when you knew I was here."

"My dear Countess," said the Duke, "that fact alone provided an irresistible reason. Besides, there were the tables. It is necessary to my health to visit the tables from time to time. It is terribly trying to be a guardian to other people's children," he added, irrelevantly. "Worse than having children of your own—and I was always so careful not to marry."

The Countess frowned.

"It did not appear so, ten years ago," she remarked, a little vindictively.

"Ah, I was a younger son then, and you preferred the foreign Count. Things always turn out for the best," sighed his Grace, piously.

"If you refer to the death of the Count——," began the Countess, rising, too.

"No," interrupted the Duke, absently. "I was not thinking of

that. I suppose we had better follow them, though I would much prefer to stay here. It is cooler."

"It is my duty to prevent Charlie from making a fool of himself—if I can!" exclaimed the Countess.

"Exactly—if you can," said the Duke. "But, my dear lady, what a singularly unpleasant thing 'duty' is—especially at Monte Carlo! It is shadier by the Café. Let us cross there."

They did so, and struck into the path beyond that led downwards to the gardens, where the Oriental foliage afforded a very pleasing protection from the sun.

"The gardens are large," murmured the Duke, "and the paths are a veritable *inextricabilis error*—I confess that I don't quite see how we are to find them——" But the Countess turned with an unflinching step to the right, and began to ascend unhesitatingly a side-path whose evolutions presently conducted them to a wide gravel-walk on a higher level.

"Feminine instinct," muttered the Duke, "is a wonderful thing. Can you detect them?" he asked aloud.

"I feel sure," replied the Countess, "that they are in one of these absurd little nooks that are scattered about the gardens—the Goat House, or the Dovecot, or the Pavilion, or some such ridiculous retreat. They cannot, at least, be very far off."

"Supposing," suggested the Duke, "that we try the Dovecot? It sounds appropriate to the occasion."

The Dovecot, however, was situated at the lower end of the grounds, and on the way to it they were obliged to pass a little, circular grotto, separated from the main walk by a flimsy arrangement of shrubberies, which gave a quite illusory idea of privacy to its precincts: in the middle of it stood a small rockery, set round with wiring and containing three or four mountain-goats—this was the spot to which the Countess had just alluded as the "Goat House," and towards which the feminine instinct so highly applauded by the Duke caused her to advance, tiptoeing, with her finger to her lips, as they approached it.

Then she paused triumphant, the Duke at her elbow, just where a slight break in the shrubs revealed very clearly the forms of two people seated close together on the other side.

As these two people were at no pains to moderate the ordinary pitch of their voices, it was quite easy for the Duke and his companion to hear what they said, without any particular effort.

"But, my dearest!"—it was the voice of the Honourable Charles Battleaxe that first came to them through the bushes—"can you dare to face poverty?—I must not deceive you, my own one! I am not rich——"

"Rich!" whispered the Countess. "Four hundred a year and his debts—that's all!"

"Hum!" said the Duke.

"I cannot offer you wealth, alas! but only the whole love of my heart, the whole devotion of my life——"

"I have heard something like that in a song," said the Duke, *sotto voce*.

"Can you bear to be poor—with me?" demanded the Honourable Charles, in impassioned tones.

"Oh, Charlie, with *you* I think I could bear to be—almost anything!" softly replied Miss Gladys Trelwyn, darting a swift, shy glance at the flannelled young man beside her.

"The little fool!" exclaimed the Countess.

"Hush!" said the Duke. "Let us not interrupt this Arcadian love-scene. Phyllis, Strephon—and the goats! It is delightful."

The Honourable Charles heaved a deep sigh of relief. His arm was already round Miss Trelwyn's slender waist. With a swift gesture he drew her still closer to him, and, bending his face to hers, adroitly imprinted a kiss on the young lady's lips.

"Gladys, you are a little darling!" he ejaculated.

"Oh!" said the Countess, "did you hear that?"

"Ah!" said the Duke, enviously, "did you see it?"

"Then you will promise to be my wife, dear?" went on the Honourable Charles, ardently.

"Yes, Charlie, I promise."

"In spite of all opposition?" he asked, a touch of anxiety in his voice.

"In spite of all opposition," she cooed, with her head upon his shoulder.

"Abominable!" murmured the Countess.

"You see?" said the Duke. "She defies me!"

"Of course," proceeded Charlie, thoughtfully, but with a cheery confidence, "there's sure to be—a little opposition at first, you know. There's the Duke, your guardian. He's not a bad sort really, though rather an old duffer—"

"Ahem!" said the Duke.

The Countess simmered mirthfully.

"He called you an old duffer!" she whispered.

"I'm fifty next birthday," said the Duke. "The impudent young Jackanapes!"

"Oh, the Duke won't mind!" rippled Miss Trelwyn. "He's a dear. But how about your aunt, Charlie—the Countess, I mean? She is rather an old cat, isn't she?"

"A regular 'Charlie's Aunt,' eh?" laughed the Honourable Charles, in huge amusement.

The Countess trembled with indignation.

"The insolent young hussy!" she exclaimed. "An old cat, indeed! Did you hear, Duke?"

"He called you 'Charlie's Aunt,'" said the Duke, trying to look shocked, and purpling with the effort.

"My aunt will adore you!" added Charlie. "She adores you now. She has told me so."

"Dear me!" said the Duke. "Did you really?"

But the Countess was speechless at this flagrant and unblushing piece of mendacity.

"Besides," explained Charlie, "my aunt has nothing to do with it. She is not even my guardian!" he smiled. "But, you know, talking of my aunt, I have a sort of suspicion—a kind of idea, you know—that once upon a time, as the fairy-books say—at some prehistoric period, in fact—that there were, what shall we call it?—'passages'—yes, passages—tender passages, emotional passages, love passages, in short, between her and—well, whom do you think, Gladys? Why, the Duke!"

"Do you mean that they were in love—like we are?" inquired Miss Trelwyn, naively.

"Undoubtedly," said Charlie.

"It must have been a very long time ago," mused the young lady, pondering.

"Oh, ages, of course!" agreed Charlie.

The Duke blew his nose softly.

The Countess stared blankly in front of her.

"And why didn't she marry him?" asked Miss Trelwyn, after a pause.

"Because, I suppose, the Duke wasn't a Duke then, and the Count *was* a millionaire," remarked Charlie, concisely.

"How horrid of her!" said Miss Trelwyn, with a romantic glance at the Honourable Charles. "And that's why the Duke has always remained single!"

"Er—yes," said Charlie, drily. "No doubt."

"If I did that," she murmured, nestling up to him, "it would break your heart, wouldn't it, Charlie, dear?"

"Break it!" cried Charlie, with alacrity. "It would break it into fragments, Gladys! It would *wreck* me—it would ruin my life, darling!"

"It doesn't seem to have broken the Duke's," she observed, pensively.

"The Duke's!" retorted Charlie. "Surely you do not compare my heart with the Duke's, Gladys?"

"No, dear, of course not!" she answered, with a happy sigh.

The Duke touched the Countess's arm.

"Under the circumstances, my dear lady," he remarked, in a low tone, "would it not be better if we—took a little walk?"

"To think," said the Countess, with flaming cheeks, "that they should *dare* to speak of us like that!"

"And every word of it so—true!" murmured the Duke, gently.

"Out of the mouths of babes——" Well, well; I think, perhaps, we have heard enough—eh?"

"Enough? Too much!" she rejoined. "We must stop them—at once!"

The Duke shrugged his shoulders.

"If you insist?" he said.

"Certainly, I insist."

The Duke stepped back on to the gravel and began to whistle a tune; then he advanced along the path with an aggressively noisy step, the Countess following him, till, as it were quite by accident, they deviated into the entrance to the grotto.

"Ha!" said the Duke; "this, then, is where they keep the goats," and he stared at the rockery.

Then, permitting his eye to wander slowly round the rockery to the further end of the arbour, his glance rested on the forms of Miss Trelwyn and the Honourable Charles at the very instant that they, too, recognised in the intruders the familiar figures of the Duke and the Countess.

"Bless me!" said the Duke, in surprise.

The Honourable Charles jumped to his feet.

"Hullo, your Grace!" he exclaimed, cheerfully, and without the least symptoms of embarrassment. "Taking a stroll round with Auntie? It's nice and cool in here, isn't it?"

"Cool?" said the Duke. "Ahem! yes, very cool, I should say," and his eye lingered a moment on Miss Trelwyn's rosy cheeks.

"My dear Charlie," observed the Countess, "I've been wondering what had become of you. I thought you were in the Rooms. I particularly wanted to consult you about a certain matter—do you think you could tear yourself from Miss Trelwyn for five minutes?" she asked, with bewitching irony.

"Well, it's difficult," replied Charlie, cheerfully; "but I dare say I could."

"Gladys, my love, I will escort you to the hotel," said the Duke, blandly. "I, too, have something I wish to consult you about," and he beamed upon the Honourable Charles as he spoke.

The Countess, followed obediently by Charlie, preceded them from the grotto. The Duke, with Miss Trelwyn, lingered some paces behind.

"I am afraid," began the Countess, with freezing satire, "that we disturbed you at rather an inopportune moment, my dear Charles."

"You did," said Charlie, unabashed.

"Charlie," demanded the Countess, fixing an eye of uncompromising sternness upon the young man, "may I ask what you were doing in that place with Miss Trelwyn?"

"You may," said Charlie, pulling out his cigarette-case. "I was proposing to her."

"Proposing to her!" repeated the Countess, in horrified accents.

Charlie nodded.

"And she has accepted me," he added, placidly.

The Countess stared at him a moment in silence. Then she said, slowly—

"Charlie, you are a fool."

"Yes?" drawled Charlie, lighting his cigarette.

"Do you not know that in your position it is imperative—absolutely imperative—that you should marry a girl with plenty of money?"

"The reflection has occurred to me," he observed.

"And for that reason you must break off this absurd engagement before it goes any farther!"

"On the contrary," said Charlie, "it is—partly—for that reason that I proposed to Miss Trelwyn."

Again the Countess stared at him—this time in bewilderment.

"What do you mean?" she exclaimed.

Charlie drew a telegram deliberately from his pocket.

"I mean that an hour ago I received this telegram from—er—my confidential adviser in town," he remarked.

"A telegram!" the Countess ejaculated.

"Which informs me," went on Charlie, calmly, "that the sudden death of a cousin (a comparatively young man) puts Miss Trelwyn in possession of half a million of money."

The Countess gasped.

"You see," said Charlie, "I have been careful to keep myself well-informed, my dear Aunt."

"Half a million of money!" said the Countess.

"Exactly."

"This is a most unexpected legacy!"

"I have said that the cousin was a comparatively young man. Nobody supposed he would die for another twenty years at least."

"This puts an entirely different complexion on the matter!" sighed the Countess.

"So I thought," agreed Charlie, tranquilly.

"Does the Duke know of this circumstance?" inquired the Countess.

"Of course!" said Charlie. "He knew this morning. But he doesn't know that I know, you know," he chuckled.

The Countess drew a deep breath.

"My dear Charles," she observed, admiringly, "you are not such a fool, after all!"

"No?" said Charlie, thrusting the telegram back into his pocket.

"Very good of you to say so, Auntie. But, mind you, I don't admit that I should not have proposed, eventually, to Miss Trelwyn in any case. She's a dear little girl, you know."

"Pooh!" said the Countess, incredulously.

"As you please," said Charlie, shrugging his shoulders.

"I congratulate you!" said the Countess.

"Thanks. She's a dear little girl, without doubt."

"She's an heiress!" corrected the Countess.

"That by the way," said Charlie, smiling.

The Duke and Miss Trelwyn met them at an angle formed by the two paths converging upon the Dovecot. The Duke and the Countess exchanged glances. Charlie crossed to Miss Trelwyn's side.

"Gladys has told me all about it," said the Duke, gazing at Charlie.

"Theoretically, my dear Charles, I forbid the match."

"Theoretically?" repeated Charlie.

"Theoretically," said the Countess, "of course!"

"Morally, I am quite unable to sanction it," proceeded the Duke, solemnly. "Nothing would induce me to sanction it—morally; but, actually"—he turned to Miss Trelwyn, whose face was radiant with blushes and smiles—"actually, my dear Gladys, you are at liberty to do whatever you please! I have the greatest satisfaction in resigning the arduous cares of guardianship to another. My dear Countess," he added, "hadn't we better leave them to settle the matter together in the—Dovecot?"

THE END.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE author of "The Conqueror" and Mr. Forbes-Robertson have reconsidered their intention of maintaining the former's anonymous relation to his play, and it will be duly announced on the programmes as by Mr. R. E. Fyffe. The principal parts,

in addition to Mr. Forbes-Robertson and Miss Gertrude Elliott, will be undertaken by Miss Ida Molesworth, little Miss Iris Hawkins, who made such a great success at the Haymarket in "Everybody's Secret," Mr. Henry Ainley, Mr. Oscar Adye, Mr. Bryant, and Mr. Ernest Cosham, the last-named of whom has been with Mr. Forbes-Robertson for several seasons.

The heaviness of the production of "The Prodigal Son" at Drury Lane to-morrow evening, and the necessity for his supervising the rehearsals, have combined to prevent Mr. Hall Caine carrying out his original intention of going to New York to superintend the final rehearsals of that play, which, as a matter of

fact, was produced on Monday evening of last week at the New National Theatre, Washington. in "The Seats of the Mighty," with which His Majesty's first opened. Later, she appeared as the *ingénue* in "Kenyon's Widow," at the Comedy, a play in which Mr. Gayer Mackay also acted, and she was also in "The Man with the Iron Mask" with Mr. Norman Forbes, and in "The Squire" and "A Fool's Paradise" with Miss Kate Rorke in the provinces. When "Dr. Wake's Patient" was produced at the Shakespeare Theatre, Liverpool, exactly a year ago, she played the heroine, which she has resigned to Miss Lilian Braithwaite, contenting herself with Harriet Bronson, a sort of "Charles, her friend," part. At present, a very strong one-Act play by her, called "The Knees of the Gods," is being acted in the provinces, and novel-readers will remember Miss Ostlere's first book, "From Seven Dials," for it was exceedingly well received.

With "Robert Ord" Mr. Gayer Mackay collaborated in the "The Two Miss Pettifers," a four-Act comedy which Mr. James Erskine (Lord Rosslyn) produced in America and in the provinces, as well as in "The King's Outcast," a play in four Acts, and they have just finished a new comedy. On his own account, Mr. Gayer Mackay is the author of four one-Act plays, "The New Life" and "The Mermaids," both produced at the Avenue, and "Just a Man's Fancy," acted at the Court and the Comedy. The fourth is a modern romantic play, entitled "God's Flower," which Mr. Waller has just accepted and in which he will himself act.

As an actor, Mr. Gayer Mackay, who is playing Duff Wynterden, has, for the most part, been associated with Mrs. Langtry, with whom he played leading parts both in London and the provinces, with Mr. Tree, and with Mr. Lewis Waller.

The interesting series of Vedrenne-Barker performances at the Court will begin on Monday next, when "John Bull's Other Island" will be revived for six weeks. Mr. J. H. Barnes will play the Priest in place of Mr. J. D. Beveridge.

The cast of "An Angel Unawares," with which Terry's Theatre is to open on Tuesday of next week, is practically the same as that with which it has been acted during the very successful tour which it has had in the provinces, and includes the names of Mr. Yorke Stephens, Mr. Charles Maude, Mr. James Carew, Mr. Chris Walker, Miss Van Buskirk, and Miss Fanny Brough. The play brings Miss Fanny Brough back to London, from which she has been absent far too long, as an addition to the list of actress-managers, for the theatre is under her sole and absolute control, and she is in no way associated with any other manager in the enterprise.

Miss Ethel Irving's great popularity has enabled her to book a short suburban and provincial tour with her successful production of "The Lucky Miss Dean" and "Time is Money," which she was recently acting at the Criterion Theatre. That is the reason why the Mermaid Repertory Theatre re-opened on Monday evening at the Great Queen Street Theatre with Beaumont and Fletcher's comedy, "The Scornful Lady," instead of with Congreve's "The Way of the World," as was originally intended. The latter play, however, with Miss Ethel Irving as Millamant, will appear in the bills later in the season.



PART-AUTHOR OF "DR. WAKE'S PATIENT": MR. W. GAYER MACKAY.

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.



THE PRODUCER OF "THE GAY LORD VERGY": MR. WENTWORTH CROKE.

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.

A comparison between the American players and our own cannot fail to be interesting. We therefore append the distribution of the parts, and show in parallel columns by whom the same characters will be played in London—

	America.		London.
Stephen Magnusson ..	MR. W. H. THOMPSON	..	MR. HENRY NEVILLE.
(Governor-General of Iceland)			
Anna (his wife) ..	MISS IDA WATERMAN	..	MISS MARY RORKE.
Magnus Stephenson ..	MR. EDWARD MORGAN	..	MR. FRANK COOPER.
(their elder son)			
Oscar Stephenson ..	MR. AUBREY BOUCICAULT	..	MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.
(younger son)			
Oscar Neilsen ..	MR. J. E. DODSON	..	MR. AUSTIN Melford.
Thora Neilsen ..	MISS CHARLOTTE WALKER	..	MISS LILIAN HALL CAINE.
Helga Neilsen ..	MISS DRINA DE WOLFE	..	MISS NANCY PRICE.
Margaret Neilsen ..	MISS MARIE WAINWRIGHT	..	MRS. JOHN WOOD.
Neils Finsen ..	MR. BEN WEBSTER	..	MR. NORMAN PARTREIGE.
Doctor Olsen ..	MR. CHARLES JAMES	..	MR. LUIGI LABLACHE.
The Pastor ..	MR. RUSSELL CRAUFORD	..	MR. GEORGE RAEMOND.
Director of the Casino	MR. HENRY BERGMAN	..	MR. E. V. REYNOLDS.

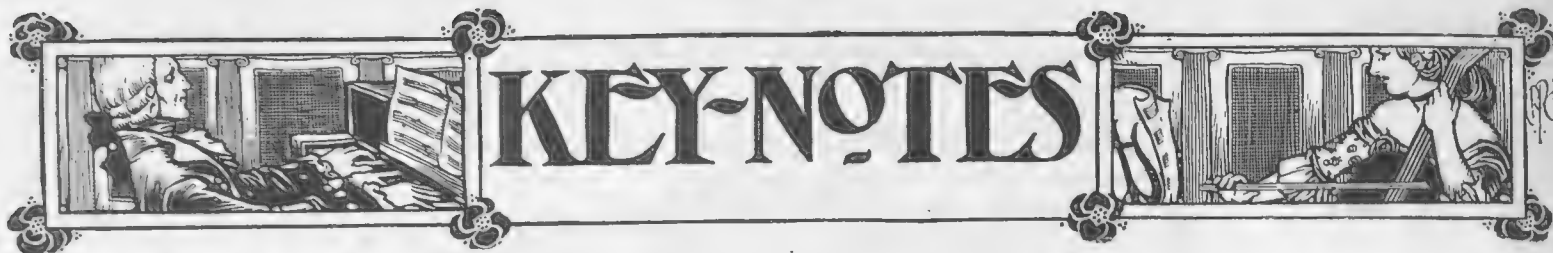
Several of the actors in the American version are well known to English playgoers. Mr. Aubrey Boucicault, a younger brother of Mr. Dion Boucicault, who takes Mr. George Alexander's part, has frequently acted at the Criterion and elsewhere; Mr. Edward Morgan played with Mrs. Leslie Carter in "The Heart of Maryland," at the Adelphi, and with Miss Annie Russell at the Garrick. Miss Marie Wainwright acted many years ago with the late Lawrence Barrett; while Mr. H. E. Dodson, who is really an English actor, was at Drury Lane in "Ben-Hur"; and Mr. Ben Webster has only recently gone to the United States, for he accompanied Miss Ellis Jeffreys thither at the beginning of the year to play in "The Prince Consort."

"Dr. Wake's Patient," by W. Gayer Mackay and Robert Ord, which was produced at the Adelphi last night, is another example of the collaboration of a man and a woman, "Robert Ord" being the pen-name of Miss Edith Ostlere, who, like her fellow-author, is a member of the dramatic profession. She has played a good deal with Mr. Tree, both in America and in his Répertoire Company in the country, and she acted the mad girl



PART-AUTHOR OF "DR. WAKE'S PATIENT": MISS EDITH OSTLERE ("ROBERT ORD").

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.



THE programmes for the Sunday Afternoon Orchestral Concerts at the Queen's Hall arranged by the Sunday Concert Society have now been issued. Of course, as is announced, these programmes may be subject to slight alteration; nevertheless, the essential details are of considerable musical interest. The first concert opens on Oct. 1, and the *pièce de résistance* will be Beethoven's C Minor Symphony (No. 5). Mendelssohn's Overture, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which is to be performed on the same occasion, will act as an excellent foil to the great work of the Master who was so much admired by Mendelssohn. Tschaiikowsky, Dvorák, and other composers will also be drawn upon for this first concert, and the vocalist will be Miss Edna Thornton.

It would, of course, be superfluous to run through the list of the various concerts which will succeed that of October 1. It may, however, be mentioned that Mr. Gervase Elwes, Miss Carmen Hill, Miss Lillie Wormald, Mr. Plunket Greene, and Mr. Gwilym Richards are the chief vocalists of the season; and the conductors are Mr. Henry J. Wood, Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, and Sir Alexander C. Mackenzie. With Mr. Wood's work the London public is not only cognisant but appreciative; Sir Alexander Mackenzie invariably conducts with that deep musical feeling and that fineness of spirit which distinguish his own creative work; Sir Charles Stanford is, naturally, a musical influence in this country, and his position as conductor at these concerts must necessarily enhance their reputation. As to whether Sir Charles's personal efforts as a conductor will be fruitful of great results remains to be seen. The present writer, however, is more convinced of the excellence of Stanford's creative art than of his power to make the art of other men living to any casual audience.

One is glad to note that Zacharewitsch will be the solo-violin player upon an early date in November. He is a musician of great talent, and his technique is almost irreproachable. It will be a very interesting matter to see how in his interpretation of Tschaiikowsky's D Concerto for Violin and Orchestra he will prove himself to be as Russian as the most Russian of all Russian composers: will he prove himself worthy of Tschaiikowsky at his best?

It is only another sign of Mr. Henry Wood's energy and determination that he never ceases in his endeavour to present to the British public whatever may be new and interesting in musical composition, so far as it comes under his notice. The performance the other night of Mr. A. von Ahn Carse's Symphonic Poem, entitled "In a Balcony," under Mr. Wood's direction, at the Queen's Hall, was sufficient proof of this statement. Mr. von Ahn Carse is extremely clever, and his score, which is developed out of Browning's famous poem, proved that, at all events, he has considerable command of the orchestra. His fault, however, clearly lies in the fact that, although his method of scoring belongs to modern days, and although he is well acquainted with every orchestral detail employed by modern musicians, he does not in this composition prove himself to be a master of original melody. The matter is a perfectly simple one, and there is no child who has hummed a tune to the barrel-organ who could not understand it.

When all is said that is to be said concerning the subject of modern orchestration, this one fact remains—that melody in some shape or form must necessarily be the crown of every musical inspiration. Such masters as Richard Wagner or Richard Strauss

are perfectly aware of this fact, and, despite the complexity of their part-writing, there always exists a thread of beautiful melody which runs through all their work. The youthful musician is somewhat inclined, one is afraid, to forget everything except the orchestral surroundings. Mr. von Ahn Carse is, perhaps, too much inclined to fall into this trap; he is extremely clever, but the years will, no doubt, teach him that his present fineness of accomplishment, so far as the band goes, will have to be subordinated to his natural inclination for simple melody. At any rate, we shall be surprised if this does not prove to be the case; for it is rare to find a man capable of orchestral facility who did not in the end discover simplicity for its own sake. The case of Berlioz is so tremendous an exception that all the odds are against the possibility of such a one returning to revisit the glimpses of the moon.

It has been a matter of universal comment on the part of those who have made a point of following dramatically vocal artists in their development to dwell upon the great and singular advance which Mrs. Henry J. Wood has made in her art during the past two or three years. She has always appealed to one as the possessor of a fine and distinguished musical method; but she now appeals to the public, almost unexpectedly, as the mistress of a very powerful and very emotional voice, trained most carefully and in thorough sympathy with just the kind of music which is suited to her temperament. Her interpretation of the soprano part in the closing scene of Tschaiikowsky's "Eugene Onegin," in which she was assisted by Mr. Frederic Austin, was a genuine triumph. Mrs. Henry Wood has now been before the public for some time, and it is most gratifying to observe that her perseverance is at last rewarded by a genuinely artistic success.

Madame Emma Eames, who is really one of the greatest modern interpreters of the music of Mozart—readers who have heard her in the part of the Countess in that composer's "Le Nozze di Figaro" cannot fail to be in agreement upon this point—has been for some time an absentee from operatic audiences in London. This was partly due to the strain of overwork; but now, after a needed rest, she is in the best of health, and is due in America in the early days of October. She will visit California, Oregon, and even Washington Territory, on a series of no fewer than twenty-eight concerts. With the New Year she will be at New York singing for the Opera Season

under Mr. Conried's direction; again in the spring she starts upon another tour of concerts in the South—surely a great task for any prominent singer. It may be that Madame Eames has had occasional moments of disappointment with the London public; but she has more than a touch of the artistic spirit within her, and it is most agreeable to be able to chronicle the fact that she is in sufficiently good health to be able to show that spirit to the world at large.

Mr. David Ffrangcon-Davies has just written a book, entitled "The Singing of the Future" (John Lane), which has the fine distinction of containing a preface by Sir Edward Elgar. That great composer recommends the book as a "serious appeal to the singer, especially to the English-speaking singer, and I welcome it and hope for much real and lasting good from its dissemination." Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies takes his art very seriously, and discusses it with a sense of great responsibility.

COMMON CHORD.



THE LATE SIGNOR TAMAGNO, THE FAMOUS ITALIAN TENOR.

Signor Tamagno, the Italian tenor who died at Varese last week in his fifty-fifth year, ranked among the greatest of his kind. Of humble parentage (his father was a butcher in Turin), he soon found that his father's shop was too small for him. The quality of his voice was recognised by a poor musician in Milan, who advised young Tamagno to see some opera-managers. This he did, and his success as a vocalist was immediate. Eventually he acquired European fame, and his appearance at Covent Garden four years ago created a sensation. He died a millionaire.

Photograph by Guigoni and Bossi, Milan.



THE MOTOR IN ELECTION-TIME—THE BENCH AND SPEED—MOTORS AND CLOTHES—DRIVING AT NIGHT—SMOKE—HEADGEAR FOR LADY MOTORISTS.

THE Right Hon. John Scott Montagu, M.P., is of the opinion that times are not ripe for an automobile plank in any man's electoral platform. For my own part, I am by no means so sure about that. Just at the moment, automobilists appear to me to be in a vacillating mood, provoked largely by the browbeating of the Club, by whom they have been advised to lie low and speak with bated breath. As a matter of fact, we are a great deal stronger than we suppose, and it is high time that we took action with regard to the absurd archaic prejudice and injustice by which we too frequently suffer. I suggest that every automobilist who rejoices in a vote places it only for that candidate who condemns motorphobia and who will pledge himself to encourage some description of even-handed justice for the motorist.

The Chairman of the now somewhat notorious Andover Bench has asserted that any speed over two miles per hour is dangerous, at the insignificant cross-roads where the preposterous but lucrative trap is placed. Such a statement is proof conclusive of the absurd length to which intense motorphobia will permit some people to go, for it is quite well known that when this Chairman himself drives his cattle past this spot, he does so at treble or quadruple the speed he so foolishly asserts is only just less than dangerous for motor-cars.

Until the matter is investigated and understood, the fillip that motoring has given to the tailoring and outfitting trades cannot be conceived. Some idea of the diversity of garments at the disposition of the automobilist, and especially designed and made for his comfort and protection against the elements, may be gathered from a glance at the Motor Clothing pamphlet just issued by the Dunlop Rubber Company. In fitting connection with its Irish origin, this Company makes some really admirable garments in its Leinster, Kildare, and Munster waterproofs of Irish frieze, than which no better-wearing material exists. Waterproofs in divers patterns are also shown, as also an extremely ingenious bag-apron, which, once assumed, excludes rain and wind all round, so that the exposed driver can at no time find himself sitting in a pool of water. Those desirous of equipping themselves against the weather should write for this catalogue.

Night-driving, particularly upon our hedged and winding English roads, without good acetylene-lamps is most inadvisable, although the cleansing, charging, and care of lamps using carbide of calcium is something more than troublesome. At least, I always found it so, until I was shown the operation of the new Ducellier acetylene headlight, in

which the cylindrical generator passes across the body of lamp, and from which water and gas can be turned off at any moment with perfect safety. Moreover, the generator is so constructed that the lamp can be used at intervals, and until all the original charge of carbide is exhausted. The water-feed to the carbide is positive, and the sprays cannot become choked with the hydrate of lime produced. A generator can be withdrawn and re-charged in a couple of minutes. By means of the optical condenser fitted to the lens the light is thrown forwards and downwards for quite two hundred yards, and not upwards and abroad so as to blind all encountered on the road.

The paper agitation re the emission of nauseous blue smoke from the exhausts of petrol-cars has already borne fruit, for now this unpleasant occurrence is remarked less frequently than was the case some few weeks ago. I am bound to say, however, that the motor-buses on the London streets are somewhat guilty in this respect, and, if the 'Bus Companies desire to fight the good fight against the trams by means of their handier and less congesting vehicle, they should direct their inspectors' attention to this important matter. With a good and careful driver, the emission of blue smoke from the exhaust should very seldom, if ever, occur. I fancy that at the forthcoming Shows we shall find manufacturers drawing particular attention to lubricating systems which render this smoke-nuisance impossible.

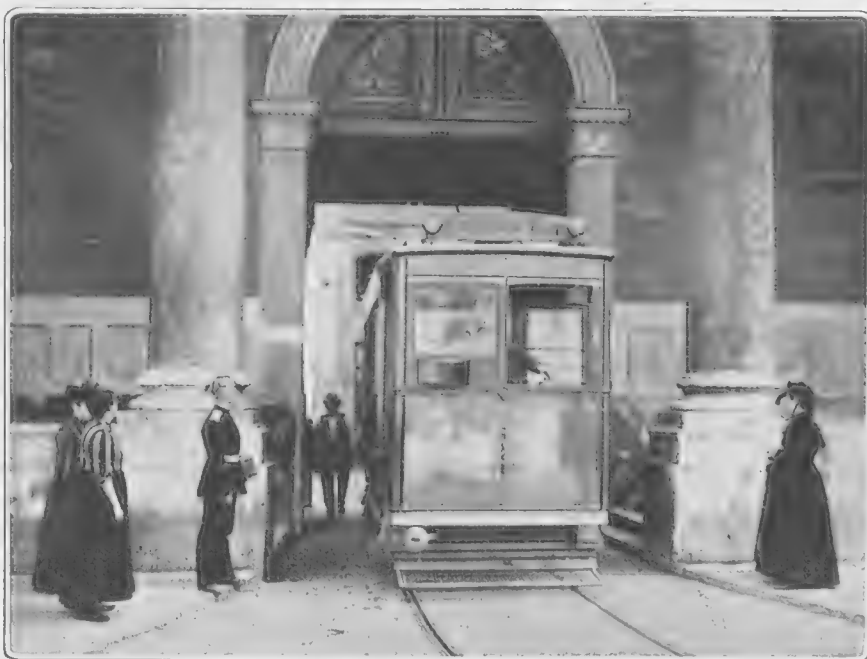
For windy motoring in open cars the perfect feminine headgear has yet to be produced. As our hardier womenkind will never take their country motoring in closed cars like their French sisters, it behoves our ladies' hatters to seek improvement in this direction. With a man the matter is simple. His headgear must protect his head and neck from wet, be comfortable, and stick on, and, while that intended for a lady must also possess those qualities, it must, further, be attachable and detachable without disarranging the coiffure, and, above all, must make no one look "a fright." Such a combination seems unattainable. As far as it lies in me to form an opinion, the peaked Tam-o'-Shanters, worn with a Dunhill motor-veil, appear the best wear.

The first journey of the motor-bus from London to Brighton seems to have been a success, the run, including stoppages, taking, roughly, four hours and a half. The coach, a 24 h.-p. car belonging to the London Motor Omnibus Company, started from Northumberland Avenue, and on the return journey took a wrong road to the south of Red Hill and was lost temporarily.



CLIMBING THE LARGEST FLIGHT OF STEPS IN THE WORLD ON A MOTOR: A 7 H.-P. "RUNABOUT" OLDSMOBILE ASCENDING THE ODESSA BOULEVARD STEPS.

To settle a wager, Mr. John L. Poole recently drove a 7 h.-p. "Runabout" Oldsmobile up the 193 steps of the Odessa Boulevard Steps, ending with his car in such good condition that it was possible to go straight off for a long drive on it. Owing to the wheel-base of the car, both front and rear wheels were obliged to jump at the same time. The total height of the flight of steps is 84½ feet, and the gradient 30 in a hundred.



THE MOTOR-TRAM AS A POST-OFFICE VAN: MUNICH'S POSTAL SERVICE IN OPERATION.

The Munich Post-Office cars are run on the ordinary lines in the street.

Photographs by Delius.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

DONCASTER—AUTUMN HANDICAPS—PLUNGERS—FIXTURES.

SPORTING Yorkshire is looking forward with interest to the forthcoming meeting on the old Town Moor, and it is safe to predict a record crowd on St. Leger day to welcome His Majesty the King and to cheer the winner of the big race, whether the horse be trained in England or in France. The international spice will just suit the palate of the sturdy Tykes, who always like to see the best

Continental List men, and the energetic Mr. Joe Thompson will, I am told, have a big double-event book open on the two races referred to.

We have one or two young plungers on the Turf at the present time, but they are of the level-headed order and are not likely to go broke as long as they listen to their present advisers. I heard a very good story the other day, in connection with two of the young bloods referred to. A gentleman said to a relative of theirs, "'X' and 'B' seem to be gambling rather heavily. Don't you think they will go under, sooner or later, if they do not pull up?" The relative answered, "But see who they are. 'X' has two millions in his own right, with good expectations; while 'B' has a million, with expectations amounting to another seven millions!" I believe it is perfectly true, and I am very glad to learn that both of the young men referred to know the value of money. One of them, I can vouch for it, always gets a halfpenny change when he pays a penny for a halfpenny paper, which goes far to prove that he is, at least, careful in very small matters, and does not the old proverb tell us to "look after the pence and the pounds will look after themselves"?



THE BATHING-HOUR AT TROUVILLE.

Photograph by Park.

horse win, more especially if that one should happen to be trained at either Malton or Middleham. It is a matter for regret that no candidate this year will hail from the North, as the Yorkshire owners, seemingly, have come to believe that the correct thing is to have their thoroughbreds trained South. The race will, no doubt, be worth going a long way to see if Val d'Or, Cherry Lass, and Cicero are at their best. The followers of the Foxhill stable consider the race all over bar shouting for Cherry Lass. The filly has, I understand, done a perfect preparation up to now. She is bound to stay the distance, according to the stories from the touts, and she certainly will be well ridden by Herbert Jones, who knows the course thoroughly. It is a fact that fillies run excellently for this race as a rule, and it can, I think, be safely predicted that Cherry Lass will be first or second. I think she will be beaten by Cicero if the latter is all right, and in dealing with Lord Rosebery's colt I shall wipe his Sandown running off the slate, as I am convinced the course did not suit him.

I do not envy the Handicapping Committee their task in dealing with the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. The weights will be published on Thursday. The French quartette—Jardy, Adam, Val d'Or, and Genial—will prove a rare handful to the weight-adjusters of the English horses engaged. Mark Time, Wargrave, Bachelor's Button, and The Arrowed are exposed horses, and the same may be said of Ypsilanti and Lady Drake. Some of the animals engaged have no pretensions to stay the course and could not win if given only the saddle to carry. As per usual, the Cambridgeshire will prove to be the best speculative medium of the autumn months. M. Blanc has also nominated his four in this race, and the French sportsman is very likely to capture here. Of Captain Forester's lot, I have heard glowing accounts of Golden Saint, who may be let off more lightly than either Hackler's Pride or Queen's Holiday. Andover, who won the Royal Hunt Cup, is fancied, and many people are waiting to see the weight given to the Royal Hunt Cup-failure, Sir Daniel. However, we shall not have long to wait. In the meantime, several playful little doubles have been laid by the

The Stewards of the Jockey Club, when arranging the racing fixtures for the season, might pay a little more regard to the convenience of owners, trainers, and the general public. It is monstrous that bookmakers, Pressmen, and racing-men generally should have to go North for the first half of the week, then come down South for the remainder of the week, and repeat the dose for several weeks in succession. Why not try a Northern three weeks and complete the circuit in one visit? This might easily be arranged, and it would suit all those most deeply interested in racing. Another absurd arrangement is the granting of one-day meetings to Sandown on Sept. 8 and Kempton



WHERE THE OYSTERS COME FROM: THE OYSTER PARK AT CANCALE, BRITTANY, AT LOW-TIDE.

Photograph by Tropical Agency.

Park on Sept. 9. Why not let them take it in turns and have a two-day fixture in each alternate year? One-day meetings mean loss to the fund, loss to the refreshment contractors, and confusion worse confounded to the Railway Companies. I quite agree with the granting of Saturday afternoon fixtures to Alexandra Park, as it gives the poorer people of North and East London the chance of seeing racing at a small cost.

CAPTAIN. COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE fashion maker or monger of enterprise omits no opportunity that may improve the shining hour, nor any chance on heaven or earth of drawing attention to the sublimity, utility, or originality of his wares. At the moment, as it is atmospheric effects that divide interest with the magnanimity of Japan, we have the Comet aigrette for evening coiffure and the Comet plume as a



[Copyright.]

THE COSTUME FOR THE NORTH.

"high novelty" of the newest millinery. Next week we shall, perhaps, develop an Eclipse jupon, or a Rising Sun chapeau, but at the moment it is Comet or nothing. And very smart are these long, sweeping aigrettes also either in hat or hair, rising out of a large rosette of tulle or pinned on with a jewelled buckle. There seems to be a revival of the Tricorne hat, a modified arrangement with the brim curled up very much at one side, against which the Comet brush of feathers is very smart. Accompanying this one sees the very long three-quarter coat which has been so much worn at the French watering-places this year. These coats have appeared in all sorts of materials, from the embroidered white batiste or linen to tweed and cloth. The skirts, of the same material, are always walking-length, and the general effect is very smart. Brocaded coats, made Watteau fashion, with silk waistcoats and cravat and shoulder-knot of lace and ribbon, are coming in for winter afternoon wear, and, with three-decker lace or net skirts, make charming bridge frocks. N.B.—It may be useful to note that the ideal afternoon-costume for bridge should not have a trained skirt, which gets spoiled and crushed in the tucking-away process of sitting at small tables, not to add that on such occasions trains are in everybody's way, and it is the smart upper-deck that really counts. Jewels continue to enlarge their field of action, and, besides the many-coloured stones that accompany differently coloured costumes, finely cut jet is now obtaining a vogue in tiaras, necklaces, dog-collars, and ear-rings admixed with diamonds, and, worn by

blonde women, looks indescribably smart. Amethysts are resuming the sway they held in jewellery fifty years ago, and the topaz of both pink and yellow is again discovered to be immensely effective, worn with colours to match it in the costume, and even the long-discarded garnet is admitted to a place in the jewel-casket when supported by filigree gold or matrix pearl. The return to the beautiful marcasite jewellery a few years ago revived the habit of coloured stones which it was so long the fashion to consider impossible, and, if cheap imitations do not kill off the revival, we shall see the quaint settings of old family-jewels once again disinterred from their velvet cases and flashing responsively at electric-light as once in the long ago to wax-candles of guttering wicks and officiating snuffers of Sheffield plate.

The failure of several prominent West-End modistes has led to a good deal of discussion lately as to whether ladies can make practical traders or otherwise, and the upshot of much argument on both sides seems to point to the fact that the real crux of the situation lies in the disastrous system of giving credit which obtains everywhere. "Then why not cash if credit can't pay?" cry the uninitiated, very naturally; but the answer is very simple: Because custom would fail. This state of things may be, and doubtless is, deplorable. But what is to be done in a generation when extravagance and display are established necessities of existence, and when living up to and beyond one's income, no matter what the figure, is an everyday occurrence?

Women now not alone furnish their houses on the hire system, but obtain their jewellery on the plan of quarterly instalments. We have



[Copyright.]

A USEFUL WRAP.

not yet arrived at liquidating our milliners' bills in this happy-go-lucky fashion, but, doubtless, that will come. Meanwhile, some few smart dressmakers, realising the impossibility of getting payment for their extravagantly priced creations under one, two, or even three years, have hit on a very ingenious device for obtaining

from their *clientèle* a regularly paid cheque, which seems to answer sufficiently well. A fixed sum is arranged to the entire expenditure for twelve calendar months, and the customer binds herself to buy everything from this mistress of the robes, a quarterly cheque being the absolute *sine quâ non* of the agreed total, whether it be one hundred per annum, or two, or four, or etcetera. By this means one arrives at an exact knowledge of the year's outlay in clothes, and the dressmaker, on her part, is bound to supply whatever is required for each change of season in return for her quarterly forthcoming indemnity. That the system has advantages is abundantly apparent if it can be made to work harmoniously; but this "if" is one that must be written in capital letters.

SYBIL.

The programme at the Hippodrome is particularly strong just now. Among the new items figuring on it are Lockhart's Elephants, Frank Anderson, the new clown, Cabaret's Dogs, and Segommer.

Under their new name, "Maskelyne and Devant," the entertainers recently known as "Maskelyne and Cooke's," are now giving an excellent show at St. George's Hall. The performances are given twice daily, at three o'clock and at eight, and the programme includes M. Gintaro, a most accomplished Japanese juggler, Mr. David Devant's Magical Problems, an illusory sketch, "The Mascot Moth," and Mr. J. N. Maskelyne's famous sketch, "Will, the Witch, and the Watchman."

With commendable enterprise and a natural desire to draw visitors to their city, the Corporation of Hereford have just issued a well-illustrated little booklet intended to assist not only visitors to the



A TRAVELLING WORKSHOP FOR THE REPAIR OF MOTOR-CARS.

The Panhard-Levassor firm has just made arrangements by which any repairs needed by their cars can be executed on the premises of the owners of those cars. To enable them to do this they have built the travelling workshop here shown. All that is needed to secure attention and the arrival of the "workshop," together with skilled mechanics, is a post-card to Mr. Harvey Du Cros, Panhard and Levassor, 14, Regent Street, S.W. On the receipt of this the firm will at once fix a date for the visit of their representatives.

city, but those who think of residing at Hereford. Camera and pen have combined to give an excellent idea of the many attractions of the neighbourhood, the centre of the lovely Wye Valley. The booklet is published at the Town Clerk's Office, Hereford.

The supposed pirate-yacht that appeared in the Solent at the time of the Cowes Regatta turns out to be an ingenious advertising scheme engineered by the well-known firm of soap-makers, Messrs. Edward Cook and Co., whose "Throne," the Royal toilet-soap, is so well known. Many who interested themselves in the supposed exploits of the boat and its captain will be glad to know that they meant nothing worse than an advertisement. It may be remarked in passing that the boat was under the command of the agent who introduced "Shy Lady" and "Silent Worshipper" to the public.

The Great Northern Railway Company announces special facilities for visitors to the Doncaster Races, and should find many patrons, considering that by its line the whole journey between King's Cross and Doncaster is made in two hours and fifty-five minutes. A special luncheon-car express at ordinary fares is to leave King's Cross at 9.53 a.m. on the Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday. Numerous cheap excursion trains have also been arranged for. Full particulars can be obtained at all the Great Northern Stations.

The two excellent posters of "The Prodigal Son" published in our issue of last week are the work of the well-known artist Mr. Albert Morrow.

FINE-ART PLATES.



No. 1.

GROUSE GLIDING UP TO GUNS. THROUGH THE DEEP DRIFT. A DRIVE.



No. 2.

ON THE OUTLYING BEAT.

FALCON AND PREY.

DAYBREAK ON THE TWELFTH.



No. 3.

DOOMED TO DEATH.

HIGHLAND POACHERS.

SPENT.

After ARCHIBALD THORBURN.

A Set of Three Plates, in Photogravure, each Plate containing Three Pictures upon Paper Mount, 30 in. by 15 in., 5s. per Plate, or the Set of Three, containing Nine Pictures, for 12s. 6d., Post Free.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE.

PHOTOGRAVURE DEPARTMENT, "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS,"
172, STRAND, W.C.

West-End Agents: MESSRS. BASSANO, 25, OLD BOND STREET, W.

Publishers for the Continent: MESSRS. SAARBACH, MAYENCE.

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"REAL PHOTO" POST-CARDS.



REVERIE. After Jan Van Beers.

ROSALBA. After H. Robinson.

SWEET CAPTIVITY. After D. Downing.

MEDITATION. After W. A. Breakspeare.

WOODLAND FAVOURITES and

WOODLAND ECHOES. After A. Altson.

The Set of Six Price 1s., Post Free; Abroad, 1s. 6d.

APPLY "THE SKETCH" P.P.C. DEPARTMENT, 172, STRAND, W.C.

And through all Newsagents and Stationers.

Wholesale Agents: MESSRS. BEAGLES & CO., 9, Little Britain, E.C.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 12.

PEACE AND PLENTY OF BUSINESS.

ONCE more the Stock Exchange is busy. Fairly busy, that is to say, because, in the present condition of keen competition, trade would have to be very active indeed to give every member of the House enough to keep him busy from one end of the day to the other. The declaration of peace has certainly done all the markets good, and though the Kaffir Circus hung fire for a day or so, it suddenly developed lusty strength, and the unfortunate bears will have to pay up handsomely unless a sharp reaction occurs before the next account. Throgmorton Street hums with activity, and when a timid interviewer from the Strand found himself thrust, as it were, into the arms of a burly broker, it is not surprising that his remembrance of two visits should emerge in the following condition—

IMPRESSIONIST INTERVIEWS: NO. I.—PEACE DAY.

"Tell you something for *The Sketch*, did you say? What d'you mean? You come worrying me at the busiest time of the day—"

"Who told you the Stock Exchange was busy at ten o'clock this morning? Why, I wasn't here myself, so— Give you some description of how the House looks when it's excited? Take me for a halfpenny paper, or what?"

"Throbbing with excitement? Pooh! Look at me. Am I throbbing? Am I even excited? Oh yes; the Stock Exchange is noisy enough. Can you go in? Of course you can, if you don't value your skin at anything higher than an alleged comic picture. Aha! I have thee on the hip, eh?"

"Trade? More than usual, of course. See my dealing-book? I'd done one page before half-past eleven. Both ways: some people buying, some selling. All a matter of fancy. My advice? Look here, young man—"

"Oh well, then; the House was like a huge cage with huge crowds of yelling demons in the Jappy Market, and the Kaffir Market, and Yankees and Trunks and Argentines and Pekin Bays—I mean, Syndicates—and Hudson's Bays. Couldn't hear yourself speak except to deal. I'm not a talkative man myself, as you can see, but my throat is dry with dealing and talking to clients who go down on their bended knees over the telephone to get the best advice to be had in the Stock Exchange. Good thing I was born modest, else—"

"Features? Well, there are yours, you know— Oh, don't you know that ancient Stock Exchange wheeze? Russians went up like a rocket, and Jappys were all good at the opening, they tell me: people are selling 'em a bit now. See that? All sales, and a good many limits to sell at higher prices. I really must—"

"What? Put all this in your paper? You better hadn't, young man, I can tell you. There's my clerk with the latest prices. Don't want to see them? Good heavens, you *are* a funny chap! Oh well, good-morning! Sorry I couldn't tell you anything. Tell your Editor that if he wants a really smart broker—"

NO. II.—SEVERAL DAYS LATER.

"Hullo! You here again? I should have thought that after what I said at our last meeting—"

"Wanted the further views of so eminent an authority? Young man, I also have pulled people by the leg. Stock Exchange views? D'you think I can speak for the whole House, man alive? Why, there are fools in the Stock Exchange just as big as in newspaper-offices. Here, come back. Don't *you* be a fool. Me sensitive? Rather. P.O.P. isn't in it with my transparent skin. Not a photographer? Neither am I. All—"

"Oh, business. Yes, business is not so dusty, although it makes the House dusty. Ha! Ha! Pun there: Did you notice it? About the dust, you know. My poor wife used to—"

"Oh yes, so I was. Well, I've told you once that we're busier, haven't I? Going to last? Bless the man, do I look like a minor prophet? Make some for yourself? Some what? Oh yes:

ha ha! that's the best smile I can rake up for a neurotic joke like that. Now, I made rather a good pun—"

"Well, aren't I *talking* about business all the whole blessed while? You come here wasting my days-and-moments-quickly-flying just to— You don't? What do you call it, then?"

"Japanese go up? Any fool knows they will. I said so myself from the first. Best to buy? Should say the Fours and both lots of the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Loan. By-the-bye, isn't it funny that all the world rejoiced at peace with the exception of the Russians and the Japanese? I rather wonder that some of you newspaper boys—men, I should say—"

"Oh, you be hanged! No, no! don't use that cord for it, you will have the blind come down. Try a handkerchief before you go rushing—Rush—Russian off in that way. Oho, oho! What d'you think of *that* for a—?"

"Russians better than Japs for a quick rise? Well, I wouldn't care to lay my boots on that eventuality, although it's quite on the cards. No, I don't mean my boots are. I mean— You know, sir, perfectly well, what—"

"That row? No, it isn't the Royal Italian Circus *cum* the 'Zoo' coming—oh, there's another one: *did* you see it?—down Throgmorton Street. That's our gentle Kaffir Market: newspaper boys—men, I mean—call it the Kaffir Circus. They're tickling up the bears a bit, ain't they? By Jove! it's the music that I love. Won't last long though, I'm afraid. No public. What? Saw several bars as you came along? What's that to do with the public? And Kaffirs? Your Editor sent out a newish chum this morning, didn't he?"

"Shouldn't if I were you. Kaffirs will drop back again, but the investment markets will go ahead now that we've got peace. You can stuff your venerable grandmother into Rand Water and four per centers of gravity like that without hurting her. Now, my late mother'suncle— Must you? Oh, all right, but I was just beginning to like you. Not? T. t.? Too early? Let me be the last to lure any young man down the water-chute of drink. Give my love to your Editor, and tell him that if he wants a *really* smart broker, my partner says—"

WAIHI.

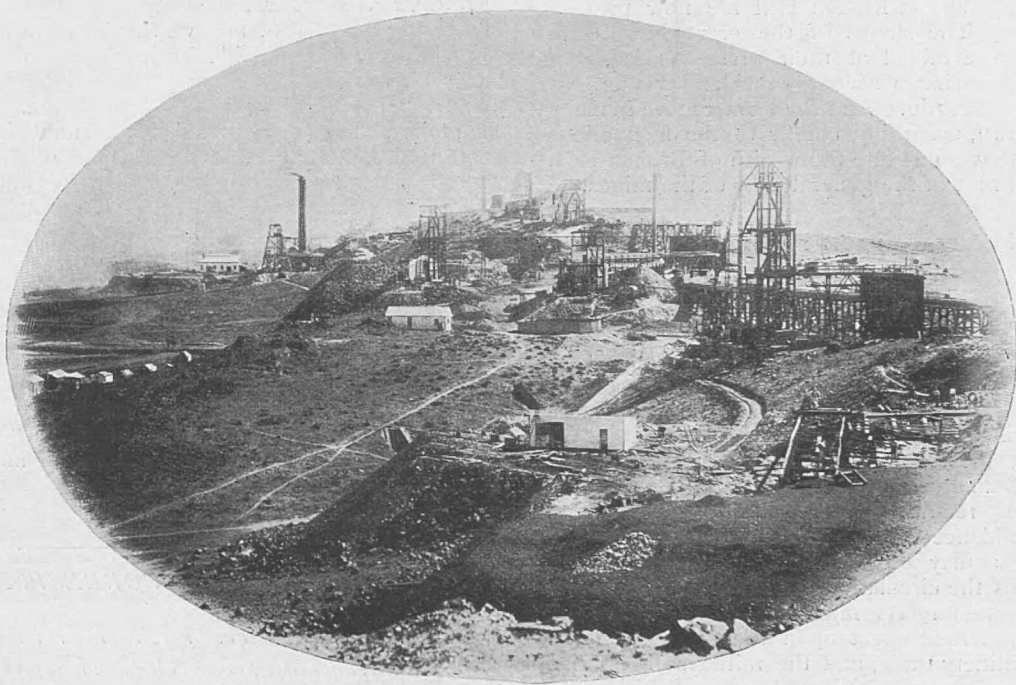
Our correspondent "Q." sends an article on Waihi shares that

deserves careful study on the part of those who like high interest on their money, coupled with not too much risk. We have, by the way, to confess a misquotation from a previous private letter that "Q." sent us. What "Q." said was that he had heard United of Havanas might go to 250, and that both these and San Paulos must go higher on their merits.

These notes of mine are intended for investors, and there is no sounder maxim than that which says "No mining share can be regarded as an investment." Nevertheless, I am going to-day to recommend the shares of a gold-mining Company, and my reason is that, of all the mining shares with which I am acquainted, this Company's shares approach most nearly to the character of an investment, and partake least of the speculative and risky nature which one associates with ventures of this sort.

The Company to which I refer is the Waihi Gold-Mining Company, the leading mine of New Zealand, and one of the largest gold-producers in the world. Up to the end of 1904 the value of the bullion returned by this mine amounted to £3,845,180, and dividends had been paid of £1,602,278. The output at the present time is at the rate of about £700,000 per annum. For ten years past regularly quarterly dividends have been paid, and the only change has been that the dividends have increased from 2s. to 2s. 6d. per share, and now to 3s. per share, quarterly. A bonus of 1s. per share is promised when the final dividend for the year is paid, so that the present rate of dividend is 65 per cent., tax free. As the shares are quoted at 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ s., the return at the present price is over 10 per cent.

It is, however, not to the past or even the present, but to the future, that an intending buyer should direct his attention. I have devoted very close attention to the development of this mine for years past, and find it quite impossible to deal adequately with the subject in the short space available to me here. My readers must therefore be content if I point out some of the more salient points, and, for the rest, must take my word for it that the mine was never in a sounder or more flourishing condition than it is to-day. The more immediately important facts to notice are these: although work has been going on for fifteen years or more, the shafts are only down to the seventh level, about 700 feet from the surface, and there is sufficient ore above the seventh level to keep the mills going for many years. During the present year the opening up of the seventh level has been the principal work, and the reefs are proving larger and richer than on the sixth level, just as the sixth level was larger and richer than the fifth. The great lode of the mine, the Martha lode, has been cross-cut on the seventh level, and proved to be 97 feet wide; of



BROKEN HILL SILVER-MINES: GENERAL VIEW.

this enormous width 72 feet is worth £3 2s. 11d. per ton; in the corresponding cross-cut on the 6-foot level, 150 feet above, the lode was eighty-one feet wide, of which forty-four feet was worth £2 18s. 5d. per ton, the remainder being low-grade ore. The significance of these figures is obvious. The Martha lode on the level above is over 1,650 feet in length, and when the whole of this length has been driven on the 7-foot level the ore reserves in sight will be enormously increased. The permanence of the lodes in depth is undoubted, and is proved by the fact that the Martha lode has been cut in the neighbouring Waihi Junction Mine many hundred feet below the lowest level in the Waihi Mine.

As I have said, the history of the Waihi Mine has been a record of continual progress, and I do not believe that the last stage of this progress has yet been reached. The directors should not be satisfied till the output reaches £1,000,000 sterling per annum.

The late Chairman, Mr. Thomas Russell, whose name will always be remembered in connection with the Waihi Mine, told me on one occasion that, in his opinion, they would be turning out gold at Waihi long after all the mills on the Rand were silent. However that may be, there is, no doubt, a very long life before the mine, and no one who buys the shares at anything under £7 is likely to regret his purchase. Q.

Our correspondent observes, in a letter covering the above, that he hears of good buying of Camp Bird shares.

BROKEN HILL IMPROVEMENT.

Several circumstances have contributed to the pronounced recovery in the prices of Broken Hill shares. The rise in silver and in lead caused attention to be drawn to the market in Barrier properties a week or two ago, and Melbourne has given London a lead in the buying which put up the various prices. The work, too, of perfecting processes by which the ore can be treated in the most economical manner goes steadily ahead, and several improvements foreshadowed in these columns by our correspondent at Broken Hill are now proving of distinctly practical worth. The shares of the great Proprietary Company are certainly not overvalued at their present price, but, naturally, all the Broken Hill shares savour considerably more of speculation than, say, Waihi shares do. And the former move in much more rapid fashion, up or down, according chiefly to the fluctuations in the prices of the metals that constitute the wealth of Broken Hill. Our illustration gives a good idea of the general view of the mines.

INDIRECT PROSPECTS FROM PEACE.

Apart from the markets immediately touched by the happy result of the Peace Conference, there are others which are likely to be materially influenced in a less direct manner. One early sequel to the cessation of war will be a powerful impetus to general trade in Russia and Japan. At first both countries may experience some kind of reaction ensuing upon the return to their normal habits of a large number of troops; while Russia, of course, has questions of domestic economy to grapple with, the solution of which can, perhaps, retard the progress of commerce. But Japan, at any rate, is not likely to be long in recovering her regular equilibrium, and, with her self-confidence so enormously increased, her advance in business circles may be regarded as assured. And the expansion of Japan means the circulation of heavy orders amongst certain favoured trades. The imports into the country from the United States should have a marked effect upon the turnover in the various branches of the machinery trade, and the railways of America stand to benefit considerably from the anticipated rush. British iron, steel, armament, textile, and engineering Companies have good grounds for looking to an improvement in Japanese trade, for the country has still to establish its own manufactures upon any extended scale. Japan must make substantial additions to her Navy, and, while the United States will naturally take a share in the work of supply, the ally of Japan ought to be able to count upon having very equal chances against competitors in the market for contracts. It is more than probable that the declaration of peace may provide unexpected developments in different directions, and trade all round welcomes with profound relief the termination of the struggle.

HUDSON'S BAYS.

Notwithstanding their set-back, Hudson's Bay shares will probably advance to three figures, but we should be sorry to prevent anyone taking a profit who followed our urgent advice to buy when the price was under 50. That was not so very long ago, and a huge profit is worth making sure of, although City people continue to talk them much higher. One firm of stockbrokers has been buying the shares by hundreds for several accounts past, and their clients have not begun to sell a single share. For speculating in Bays, a respectably-sized banking account is needed, unless the gambler confines his operations to ten or twenty shares at a time. The position in the market is peculiar, for, although the shares are talked so much higher, a bear account exists, and it seems to be of goodly proportions, despite the attempts made to cover it. The Contango-rate has been a light one for the past few months, and shorts are evidently still about. For the ordinary speculator, unable to be on the spot all the time, Bays are a dangerous gamble, and the man who takes them up will have a risky, though probably profitable, security.

CHINESE RAILS AND PEKIN SYNDICATES.

Upon various occasions the suitability of China Railways 5 per cent. Shanghai-Nanking Railway bonds for speculative investment has been indicated here, and the rise in the price of the stock to 105 is

fully justified. The profit-sharing certificates attached to the bonds have also risen considerably, and now stand at something like £8, so that the two together, bond and certificate, are worth about 113. We have no hesitation in continuing to recommend these 5 per cent. bonds at 105 as a good investment of their sort, because the railway is one of the most important in China, and likely to increase in value as time passes.

Pekin Syndicates and Shansi shares divide with Hudson's Bays the excitement of the Miscellaneous Market. The 1s. Deferred shares of the Syndicate rose £60 apiece last week! The man in the street is buying Shansis, which stand to receive 10 per cent. dividends before the Syndicate gets anything at all. Of these Shansi shares there are about a million issued, out of an authorised amount of £1,500,000 in £1 shares, and they are fully-paid, and of Pekin Syndicates there are only 39,900, also in shares of £1 each, fully-paid. Good authority assures us that the Company would have been better advised to have erected some of its recently received plant in a different manner, and that time may be lost in getting this plant into working order. But Pekin Syndicate speculators do not trouble about such details as these, and dividends are negligible matters to them, a few years more or less in distribution of profits making no difference to the man who buys purely upon after-peace prospects.

ANOTHER CHINESE COMPANY.

There has come into our hands a very interesting couple of pages evidently torn from a paper called *Messrs. H. Hughes and Co.'s Stock Exchange Report and Price List*. Who Messrs. H. Hughes and Co. are we do not know, extensive though our acquaintance with outside brokers' names happens to be. But the pages already mentioned are full of interest. In big type, one is headed "The Coming 'Boom' in China. A new Company," and then follows half a page in italics about an undertaking whose very name is omitted, although it may be in some other part of the paper that we have not received. Messrs. H. Hughes and Co. state, in italics, that the "great Pekin Syndicate will be the first" (to benefit), "no doubt, but we have great faith in hares (*sic*) we are recommending." The price of these "hares" is six-and-sixpence each, and the firm say it is quite on the cards that the price may leap up to £1 or 30s. at any moment. They say they have taken a large quantity for themselves, "and are therefore in a position to let a few out, but directly the 'boom' takes place the prices will rise, and no one will have a chance to get in, except at very enhanced quotations." We admit an inquisitiveness on behalf of our readers and ourselves with regard to this "important and influential" Company. Perhaps Messrs. H. Hughes and Co. will be so kind as to favour us with a full prospectus for examination.

Saturday, September 2, 1905.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a *nom-de-guerre* under which the desired answer may be published. Should no *nom-de-guerre* be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. J. (Wolstanton).—Our opinion of the proposed amalgamation is that it will be an excellent thing for the Barnato Consolidated, but not nearly so satisfactory for the Johannesburg Investment shareholders. Should sell if the price of "Johnnies" reaches 2½.

CHINA.—Looks very doubtful indeed. Will you kindly refer to Notes.

LOTHAIR.—Had you bought the Quebec and Lake St. John Incomes, you could have made two points profit already, and they are likely to go still better. The North-West Uruguays are a gamble, but not a bad one. They might suit your purpose.

J. D. A.—It is so seldom that anyone takes the trouble to write as you have done that we are doubly grateful.

M. W. P.—Grand Trunk Pacific 4 per cent. bonds, Rand Water Fours, Japan 4½ per cent. of either Series, Leopoldina Railway Debenture, Western Railway of Havana Debenture are all good investments, likely to improve in price, from which an average return of about 4½ per cent. can be secured.